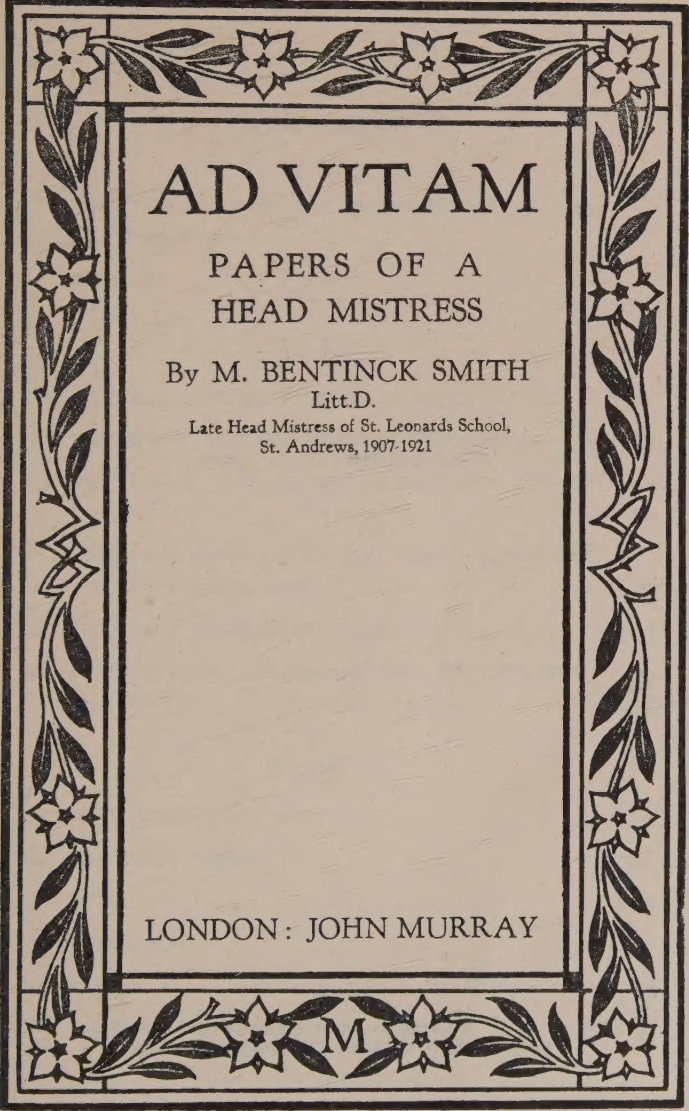


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MARY BENTINCK-SMITH.





AD VITAM

PAPERS OF A
HEAD MISTRESS

By M. BENTINCK SMITH
Litt.D.

Late Head Mistress of St. Leonards School,
St. Andrews, 1907-1921

LONDON: JOHN MURRAY

M

FIRST EDITION " - 1927

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN BY
BILLING AND SONS, LTD., GUILDFORD AND ESHER

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AD VITAM

MEMOIR

M. B. S.

“THE writer of literary miscellanies is a suspected person. For casual skimming in a weekly or monthly review he is all very well, but has he any right to the comparative eternity of publisher’s cloth?” Thus an eminent editor and critic who proceeds to point out that an original writer is inspired by life, an imitative author by literature. If the above question is to be answered in the affirmative, there is some modest justification for this little book’s issue from the press. Before touching on the personality of its writer (who has passed beyond things transitory and the realm of human criticism), the reader’s notice is invited to certain points which unless clearly stated might quite fairly give cause for criticism—or at least question.

The author of these miscellaneous papers

did not prepare them with a view to publication. The essays or lectures and school sermons were written out for oral delivery. This fact must serve as excuse for allusions now out of date, and possible omissions. There may even be the greater fault of including matter without acknowledgment, since who can say if every thought bears the same mint mark of fresh coinage. The indebtedness, if any, would have been instantly acknowledged by the author, where her editors are at a loss.

Whether the appeal to the individual reader be great or small, it will be evident that the book contains a plea—not propaganda—a simple and earnest plea for increased effort in ordinary daily life and reminders as to how such effort may be sustained.

It is some years now since Mary Bentinck Smith passed into that "larger room" beyond human ken.

Personal memory is necessarily fleeting and evanescent, but those who knew her best in life are aware that she spared no pains if the least

possibility of helpfulness offered. Those left responsible for her papers were faced by the problem:—was their message delivered and done with, or did some responsibility yet remain? Was there the possibility that counsel and strength could still be given by means of the printed word, though the hand that penned it now lay still?

Criticism is an all too common quantum: constructive advice is all too rare. This little book must take its chance on its own merits. It is not unlikely these may be rated higher than the writer herself would ever have dreamed. If even a very few are heartened to fresh endeavour by the reading of these papers, her message will be carried on.

Mary Bentinck Smith was born at Hamburg in 1864. After an education which owed its liberality as much to careful home training as to "thorough schooling," she became an undergraduate at Girton College, Cambridge, and afterwards studied for a considerable time abroad. In 1893 she gained a first-class distinction in the Medieval and Modern

Languages Tripos at Cambridge, from 1894 to 1897 she was lecturer in modern languages at Victoria College, Belfast, and during the next two years she was lecturer in Germanic philology at the Royal Holloway College. In 1900 she returned to Girton as lecturer in medieval and modern languages, and afterwards director of studies. She was an oral examiner under the Central Welsh Board, a lecturer at Newnham College, Cambridge, an assistant inspector for secondary schools under the Scottish Education Department, and, for one year, principal of Avery Hill Training College under the London County Council. The record of Miss Bentinck Smith's academic and scholastic career is of the highest distinction, especially in the fields of languages and philology. Relentless perseverance added to versatile genius enabled her to master languages with a facility which was the envy and amused despair of those less fortunate. Mary Bentinck Smith was by nature ardent, high spirited, and impulsive. Amongst her outstanding qualities were courage, sincerity,

and a keen sense of humour, which tempered to fine edge a justice more naturally inclined to sternness than mercy.

To this endowment she added the acquired gift of tireless industry. Born swift-footed in life's race, she forced herself to adapting her pace to that of others, seldom losing chivalrous sight of the duty of fellowship even at the sacrifice sometimes of quicker progress. Since she herself was much more concerned over her real or imagined failures and failings than uplifted by achievements beyond the power of most of her fellows, any peculiar eulogy was more distressing than grateful to her. Her wonted reply to congratulation on some special attainment was as sincere as it was characteristic : " Anyone could do it ; it's only a question of work."

In her own opinion she was merely practising what she had learnt, and she chiefly craved further opportunity of learning. To her generous temperament, the end of all learning was to share so that general advancement might result.

In the summer of 1902 she published an edition of Chaucer's *Prologue* and *The Knight's Tale*, and translated from the German the *Standard Grammar of Chaucer's English*. She also made valuable contributions to the *English Dialect Dictionary* and the *Cambridge History of English Literature*. The following review from the *Guardian* of September 10th, 1902, on her translation from Ten Brink may interest all who share the growing appreciation of Chaucer :

“In translating Ten Brink's *Chaucer Sprache und Verskunst* into English, Miss Bentinck Smith had an extremely difficult task, and she may well be congratulated on the way she has performed it. Anyone who has used the German edition is likely to remember more than one sentence in it of which the exact meaning presented difficulties even to experts. Miss Bentinck Smith has wrestled faithfully with these difficulties, and even English students who are well acquainted with German may, in the future, find this English version the more convenient to use, especially as its

references have been carefully adapted to the recent English editions of Chaucer's text. As regards the claims of Ten Brink's book to be made thus accessible, it is significant, on the one hand, that it was fifteen years before it attained the honour of a second edition in Germany; and, on the other, that (at any rate, until the appearance of Professor Mark Liddell's grammatical introduction to his edition of Chaucer's *Prologue*) it has had no serious rival. Even in its English form, the book will still be found a difficult one, but on every question of Chaucer's phonology, grammar, and prosody, it offers information or theories which editors and students of Chaucer can ill afford to neglect. No doubt the poet himself would have been very much surprised if he had had presented to him these complicated explanations of his metrical usage. But it is almost inevitable that writers on metre should classify and systematise to excess, and Ten Brink's excesses are comparatively slight. Miss Bentinck Smith's translation is sure of a welcome in the many American Universities

where old English is systematically studied, and we hope it may find readers also in England."

In 1907 Miss Bentinck Smith was appointed headmistress of St. Leonards School, St. Andrews, from which time forward she gave all her ability, energy, and force of character to the development of the school. She met the difficulties of her position with courage and admirable enterprise, defending and maintaining the plans which she had made for the greater efficiency and success of St. Leonards. As the result of her large vision and her devotion to the best interests of the school, it reached its present high position among the girls' schools in Great Britain. Under her guidance and training many of her pupils gained distinction in the Universities, and all of them felt the influence of her vigorous mind. To them she was a born leader, not merely the great headmistress of a public school, but a many-sided and interesting human being.

In the words of one who knew her well :

“Her interest was not bounded by school life. She was influential in founding the Girls’ Club in the town of St. Andrews and the Women’s Citizen Association. She encouraged her staff to undertake all kinds of outside work, literary and artistic, to give lectures in St. Andrews and the neighbourhood and far afield, and was never too busy herself to devote hours to the preparation of lectures on subjects in which she had specialised. Her recognition of excellence in man or book was spontaneous and universal. Masefield, Dalcroze, Maud Royden, Father Nicholas, Elsie Inglis, Sir Ernest Shackleton, all met with a like appreciation, and her enthusiasm was infectious.”

Her delight was boundless in hailing new light in modern writers. When in sympathy with an author’s point of view, her mind so absorbed his idea that she did not rest until all within contact could share her treasured gain and positive ardour of appreciation.

“Men of character,” wrote Emerson, “are the conscience of the society to which they belong.” Miss Bentinck Smith was endowed

with gifts far beyond the average; above all, she possessed personality. To a scholar's brain she added a wide human sympathy, which, though apt to be cloaked by extreme sensitiveness and underlying shyness, was revealed in her actions.

A biographical sketch, however slight, which omits all reference to the weakness or faults of its subject, is necessarily ineffectual. Like all strong characters, Miss Bentinck Smith suffered from the defects of her qualities. She was in advance of her times, and anticipating wounds herself as the inevitable price of progress, she sometimes failed to realise their laming effect on those of weaker fibre. Little given to small resentments, she met them in her fellows with more surprise than comprehension. Scorning pettiness in herself, she was inclined to be ruthless in meeting it elsewhere. Moral cowardice was foreign to her nature. Like Cromwell, she treated it unsparingly. She followed a lofty standard in daily life and conduct; faithful to it herself, she demanded the same of those for whom she was

responsible. Her own capability allowed no room for shirkers in any department.

Miss Bentinck Smith hated phrases, and asked for deeds instead of words at any time. She interpreted Christianity with a breadth beyond the narrow confines of sects or societies, and her steadfast and real piety was seldom vouchsafed verbal expression, contenting itself with yielding an example higher than wordy precept. Those privileged to hear her at school service knew this to be true.

In private life a large circle of mourning friends can testify to the charm and wit of her brilliant conversation, the versatility of her culture and manifest interests, the kindness proved in a hundred ways great and small. The few privileged to know her best could witness to the deep generosity and untiring sympathy which never turned a deaf ear or a cold shoulder to the least claim on them.

Wherein lay the secret of her undoubted influence? Was it not that the mainspring of all her striving and aims was a profound conviction of the bounden duty of *thinking*? "If

only people would *think*," was her constant plea. The words of an old-time poet, dearly familiar to her, summed up her most cherished belief :

“ Thoughts are the things wherein we all confess
The quintessence of sin and holiness
Is laid. All wisdom in a thought doth shine,
By thought alone the soul is made divine ;
Thoughts are the springs of all our actions here
On earth, tho’ they themselves do not appear.
They are the springs of beauty, order, grace,
The city’s gallantries, the field’s increase ;
Rule, government and kingdoms flow from them,
And so doth all the New Jerusalem,
At least the glory, splendour, and delight,
For ’tis by thoughts that even she is bright.”

In public life Mary Bentinck Smith filled many parts; she filled them nobly and well, with a dignity and a rugged simplicity that gave little pause for the plaudits of the general mass. Advancement in the highest sense was her dearest aim, and to this she devoted a genius of perseverance and talent that could not fail of achievement. Like the old-time builders of a Roman road, she cut straight across obstacles and difficulties for the distant

goal, underterred alike by either fear of criticism or misunderstanding or the immense effort entailed. Her shining record as a scholar requires no comment.

Miss Bentinck Smith held the degrees of M.A. and Litt.D., Trinity College, Dublin. For the last six years of her life (from 1915 onwards) she served on the Girton College Council.

As a writer alone she merited high distinction. The following are amongst publications due to her pen :

Contributions to *English Dialect Dictionary* and *Modern Language Quarterly* (Chaucer).

Translation of Ten Brink's *Chaucer Sprache und Verkunst, Standard Grammar of Chaucer's English* (Macmillan).

Translation of Jirizeh's *Deutsche Helden-sage* (Dent).

Deux Héroines de la Revolution française (Clarendon Press).

"Old English Christian Poetry," in *Cambridge History of English Literature* (Chap. III., Vol. I.).

Chaucer: Prologue, Knight's Tale (Cambridge University Press, etc.).

She was one of the first women J.P.s elected in Fife. As a citizen she took the keenest and most enlightened interest in all questions relating to the welfare of her fellows, contributing both directly and indirectly to the solution of such social problems as came within her range.

It is easy to dilate upon the obvious, but impossible even to compute the extent of such a wide-reaching influence. That influence had its root in sterling character. Character of finest metal purged by the crucible of unremitting effort.

When Miss Bentinck Smith first came to St. Leonards in September, 1907, she came as a complete stranger: one whose experience had been gained in work which differed widely from what awaited her here, in those new duties as yet untried. And St. Leonards, making this stranger headmistress loyally welcome, yet kept the blade of its traditions easy in the hilt, as indeed befits a school which

has noble traditions, and whose headmistresses have hitherto been part of the very fabric itself.

When she died in December, 1921, who could separate the headmistress from the school? They were perfectly blended in one.

The history of that transmutation is written in the years during which she spent her great gifts and her life upon St. Leonards. Later on, when the first shock of grief for her loss is over, some attempt will doubtless be made to form a worthy estimate of her work for St. Leonards, and to record those gifts of eager impetuous life, of searching scholarship, of strong moral goodness, of firm friendship which made her so magnetic a personality and leader. But meanwhile, the most striking thing in her years here is just this one fact that this conquest by her of St. Leonards, coincident with this absorption of her by the school, resulted in so complete a union.

Miss Bentinck Smith came at a time when insistent and discordant claims were being made for the inclusion of the most varied subjects in the curriculum of schools, and

when the growing restlessness of the world outside seemed to threaten the education which an earlier generation had secured and established. It needed clearness of vision to find the way. What she set out to do was to make it possible for every girl to find her own self-expression along sound and broad lines. To the last she was busy in finding the fitting openings, and all the changes she introduced were directed to this end.

And then came the war. Only those who stood by her at that time know what it meant in strain and sacrifice and anxiety. Not only in material things, though that needed all her great organising powers, but to the call for courage and for moral strength she responded nobly, while she gave of her deepest to those whose anxiety she shared and with whose grief she sympathised.

So great a burden she had borne, of a great school through the years of war. The unquiet days of early peace found her looking again, through the unreal prosperity, to the lean years when the world should have need of all its

workers. And she planned to make St. Leonards pull to full weight in that galley.

She was full of grave optimism. In September, 1921, just after school had begun, she sat in the playground with a senior who had been one of the great pioneers of women's work in the war. She told her of her happiness in St. Leonards, of the strength and confidence she felt in the thought that she and St. Leonards had become so completely one. She said she was ready at last to begin to do the work she had planned: all that had gone before had been preparation, but now she saw her way clearly.

A week or so later, she was struck down by that illness which was destined to be her last.

In her death she is not divided from St. Leonards. In her last resting-place, the splendid and imaginative gift of an unnamed friend, she lies within the sacred ground of the ancient cathedral. Separated only by the steep harbour road from the playground where she dreamed dreams, saw visions, and planned a still greater future of service for St.

Leonards, her grave for ever looks out east-wards over St. Andrews Bay.

“ O strong soul, by what shore
Tarriest thou now? For that force,
Surely, has not been left vain !
Somewhere, surely, afar,
In the sounding labour-house vast
Of being, is practised that strength,
Zealous, beneficent, firm !
Yes, in some far-shining sphere,
Conscious or not of the past,
Still thou performest the word
Of the Spirit in whom thou dost live—
Prompt, unwearied, as here !”

St. Leonards School Gazette, February, 1922.

PART I

I

AN IDEAL IN EDUCATION : H. G. WELLS

THE air is thick with cries of the necessity for education. In a sense, this state of affairs is chronic. Both those who attach some intelligent meaning to the phrases they use as catch-words, and those who do not, who act, at any rate, on the principle that words do not necessarily mean anything, are familiar with the uses to which it is possible to put so pliable and extensive a term as Education. It has served full often as a theological bomb, not less frequently as a political hand-grenade; the profane are adepts at slinging abuse of it at the initiate, while those who serve its altars acknowledge that, in a sense they feel constrained to veil from the laity, it remains a mystery religion.

But it was not in the hope of arriving

at some hitherto undeveloped philosophical definition of a term so painfully familiar to us all that I chose the title of my paper. Why should we waste our time in a vain attempt to define the indefinable? I will frankly confess that a recent incident in my own experience suggested the train of thought which I am about to follow up; and a streak of whimsical perversity, of which all my long life as a teacher and the chastisement of being a headmistress have not sufficed to purge me, enticed me to forsake the exponents of educational orthodoxy and to betake myself for illumination to a heretic.

I attended quite recently in London the opening address of an educational conference—alas! that nowadays all our holidays are swamped by conferences—the subject of which was “Education after the War.” The lecturer was a person of note, even of distinction. Yet the lecture seemed to me to suffer from several defects. From the point of view of the audience, most lectures do! I thought that the speaker betrayed that he was but imperfectly

acquainted with the educational methods of to-day, as applied to the curriculum of schools, and with these he was more especially dealing. He seemed, for the most part, to be referring to conditions such as must undoubtedly have prevailed in his own somewhat remote youth, and to fail to give us any credit for a desire, at least, to move with the times. And, further, what is of greater importance, and what set me thinking, he seemed to lay insufficient emphasis upon the fact that the character of education after the war must, and will, depend very largely on the political and social conditions created by the war; and what these shall be, he did not venture to predict, beyond asserting that we shall have to work very much harder than we have done hitherto, and that it will be difficult for us, in thrall to bad habits as we are, to rival successfully the scientific efficiency of the Germans.

If the proof of education be adaptability to environment—and I consider that a very fair proof—would it not be well that we should quite seriously set ourselves to an attempt to visualise

that environment of the future, hidden for the nonce behind poison-gases and the reek of shells, which shall at once prescribe and call forth the qualities of body, character, and mind, which sum up all we denote by the term "educated"? Wise men, many of them, have busied themselves with schemes of education, but none, I fancy, have done so in the abstract. The ideal they have reduced to concrete terms has been seen in relation to certain definite conditions of time and space; we cannot conceive of education apart from an individual to be educated, and a society in relation to which he will prove himself either educated or the reverse. Milton spoke of a complete and generous education which should fit a man to perform skilfully, justly, and magnanimously all the offices, both private and public, of peace and war, and it is obvious that the very definite conditions of the Civil War and the Commonwealth, the religious and political state of England in the seventeenth century, were the background of his Tractate addressed to Master Samuel Hartlib. When Plato

fashioned his ideal Republic, he planned—I have Professor Taylor's authority for saying so—a course of education, the main object of which should be, not to create a society merely of scholars and philosophers, but a society of lovers of wisdom, efficient and skilled in the practical affairs of life in the city-state, with which he and his contemporaries were familiar. The *Republic* is not a mere collection of theoretical discussions about Government, but a serious project of practical reform put forward by an Athenian patriot, and dependent for its success on the education of the individual citizens who comprised the State. Rousseau's *Emile* made an epoch in education by its persuasive picture of a mind arriving—by itself, indeed, but in a judiciously arranged environment—at all that it needs to know. The natural surroundings were artificially produced because the author felt that it is the environment that evokes the type. Education, to be efficient, must be a response to environment.

Now, if that be so, any attempt to frame a scheme of education for the future must be

preceded by a reasoned attempt to perceive the social conditions of the future. Yet who shall dare so greatly? Prophets, we have been taught, were not soothsayers, who, in response to some subconscious impulse, themselves ignorant, foretold, as if by magic, things hidden from ordinary human ken; but persons gifted with an historic sense above their fellows, seers endowed with powers of vision not bestowed upon the vulgar, thinkers drawing assured inferences from causes known to effects as yet unknown but none the less inevitable. Have we any prophets nowadays? And musing on this question, it came to me that it might haply enliven the tedium of an association meeting of tired teachers if I asked you to consult with me the Oracle called H. G. Wells, probably the most imaginative writer of our day, who has ventured further than any other writer I know in the interpretation of what is yet to be, whose fantasies have so often proved themselves to be anticipations of solid fact, and in whose visions are mingled so much scientific knowledge, historical acumen, and

philosophic insight. You will bear with me, since I have already hinted at the perversity of disposition which inclines me to sit at the feet of those commonly accounted heretics.

Wells is one of the most prolific of modern writers, and we cannot hope to survey the whole of his work, nor would all of it serve our purpose. All we want to find out at the moment is what vision of the future this dreamer has beheld in his dreams, and of what sort he imagines the men and women to be who are to people this new world. I am purposing to confine myself to his books called *Anticipations*, and *The World Set Free*, practically the first and last of his Social Prophecies, with some reference to the *Modern Utopia* coming midway between the two. And since the world of the future he prophesies has not yet come into being, we will glance for a moment at some of his characters, living life as it is at present, educated on the lines familiar to us—say, the characters of *The New Machiavelli* and *The Research Magnificent*. What is the distance to be bridged before this generation

of ours, we ourselves, in short, can reach the Samurai of Wells' *Modern Utopia*, or resemble Karenin and his colleagues of the Committee of Educational Reconstruction in *The World Set Free*? Shall we be able to grasp what separates us from them, for if we cannot intellectually appreciate the gulf between us, we shall not believe in the necessity for crossing it? Shall we be able to see that "it is not as if old things were going out of life and new things coming in? It is rather that the altered circumstances of man are making an appeal to elements in his nature that have hitherto been suppressed, and checking tendencies that have hitherto been over-stimulated and over-developed. He has not so much grown and altered his essential being as turned new aspects to the light."

Anticipations was written during the Boer War, it was reprinted with a new Preface in 1914, nearly fifteen years later, and in the main, the author found little to alter. The future had copied fair his past. In this book Wells had intended to represent certain specu-

lations about the trend of social forces. The altered and increased velocity at which man would become competent to move himself and his belongings from place to place, owing to improved methods of locomotion, would tend in the twentieth century to a greater distribution of population and a consequent diffusion of great cities. The forces that at present keep a population congregated in dense masses within a given radius will disappear of necessity. He thinks town and city will become obsolete terms, and the whole of Great Britain south of the Highlands he sees as an urban region all laced together, not only by railways and telegraphs, but by a new system of roads suitable for motor traffic, a dense network of telephones, parcels delivery tubes, and other mechanical devices for annihilating distance and saving labour. Even the future of the flying-machine is accurately foreshadowed in this book. All the broader features of the social outlook of the future he takes to be essentially the outcome of the enormous development of mechanism, which has been the

cardinal feature of the nineteenth century. For this development, by altering the methods and proportions of almost all human undertakings, has altered absolutely the grouping and character of the groups of human beings engaged upon them. I may remind you that Samuel Butler anticipated Mr. Wells in his estimate of the influence of machinery upon the social conditions of human life, when, in his famous satire, *Erewhon*, he dedicated a chapter to a discussion on the mastery machines were destined to gain over men. You may recall also that when he revisited Erewhon, the inhabitants had become so impressed with the fateful character of machinery that they had scrapped every known piece of it, including even watches.

This enormous development of mechanism is bound to have the most momentous influence upon education. With the growth of machinery, for instance, the class bred to merely servile manual toil must first tend to decrease, and then to disappear. There will cease to be a demand for the unskilled agricultural labourer,

and there must develop an increased demand for the skilled mechanic. Indeed, in every department of human activity, skilled labour will tend to oust unskilled. Environment, new conditions of life, will demand an adjustment of educational method. Such a replacement of one social strain by another is, indeed, an easily recognisable feature of contemporary life. Consider only how the old class of administrative landowning gentlemen, tied to the soil, and morally responsible not only for the cultivation of the soil, but also for the welfare of the tillers thereof, is yielding place to the wealthy shareholding class, whose main characteristic is the possession of wealth without personal responsibility—limited liability, in short.

These new social strains will necessarily produce certain social reactions. The strongest of these will be the emergence of a scientifically trained middle-class of an unprecedented sort, not arising out of the older middle classes, but replacing them. 'Enry, in Bernard Shaw's *Man and Superman*, is on the

way to become a member of this class. This class will become, so Mr. Wells believes, at last, consciously *The State*.

“Modern Democracy is doomed. Democracy, or democratic quasi-monarchy, conducts its affairs as though there were no such thing as special knowledge or practical education. The utmost recognition it affords to the man who has taken the pains to know, and specifically to *do*, is occasionally to consult him upon specific points and override his counsels in its ampler wisdom. . . . The man of special equipment is created always as if he were some sort of curious-performing animal . . . a gunnery specialist, for instance, may move and let off guns, but he may not say where they are to be let off—someone a little ignorant of range and trajectory does that; the engineer may move the ship and fire the battery, but only with some man who does not perfectly understand, shouting instructions down a tube at him. If the cycle is to be adjusted for military requirements, the thing is entrusted to Lieut.-Colonel Balfour. If horses are to be bought for the British Army in India, no specialist goes but Lord Edward Cecil.”

Does the conduct of the war to-day not

substantiate some of these gibes? These people of the governing class, says Mr. Wells, do not understand that there is such a thing as special knowledge or inexorable fact in the world; they have been educated at schools by amateur schoolmasters, who have learnt little or nothing but the extraordinary power of appearances in these democratic times. To look right and to be of good report is to succeed. What else is there? No, Democracy must go.

And of what kind and nature will its passing be? Democracy must pass away inevitably by its own inherent conditions into the higher organism, the world-state of the coming years. I am quoting Wells' opinion. This transition will come about peacefully and gradually as a process of change, or violently as a revolution, but inevitably as the outcome of the imminence, or else of the disasters of war. The character of this war, as described by Mr. Wells, may be read in chapter vi. of *Anticipations*, and it may be profitably compared with certain phases of the war taking place to-day. Let us remember, when reading it, that the chapter was

written during or before the Boer War, and let us, as educationists, ponder to some serious purpose the final passage of that chapter. We may come to the conclusion that it would have been well if we had taken it into serious, practical account before now.

“In peace and war alike a process has been, and is, at work, a process with all the inevitableness and all the patience of a natural force, whereby the great swollen, shapeless hypertrophied social mass of to-day must give birth at last to a naturally and informally organised, educated class, an unprecedented sort of people, a New Republic dominating the world. It will be none of our ostensible Governments that will effect this great clearing-up; it will be the man of power and intelligence altogether outside the official State system of to-day that will make this great clearance, a new social Hercules that will strangle the serpent of war and animosity in his cradle.”

Again I quote Wells :

“The law that dominates the future is glaringly plain. A people must develop and consolidate its efficient educated classes or be beaten

in war, and give way upon all points where its interests conflict with the interests of more capable people. The war of the coming time will really be won in schools and colleges and universities, wherever men read and write and talk together. The nation that produces in the near future the largest proportionate development of educated and intelligent engineers and agriculturists, of doctors, schoolmasters, professional soldiers, and intellectually active people of all sorts, the nation that most resolutely picks over, educates, sterilises, exports, or poisons its people of the Abyss, the nation that succeeds most subtly in checking gambling, and the moral decay of women and homes that gambling inevitably entails . . . that nation will certainly be the one that will be most powerful in warfare as in peace, will certainly be the ascendant or dominant nation. In the long run, no heroism and accidents can alter that. No flag-waving, no patriotic league, no smashing of the windows of outspoken people will arrest the march of national defeat . . . a time will come when so many people will see this issue clearly that it will gravely affect political and social life . . . the democratic politician and the democratic monarch . . . will be obliged to foster the power that will finally supersede democracy and monarchy

altogether, the power of the scientifically educated, disciplined specialist."

The New Republic, the world-state, which Mr. Wells thus foresees in his *Anticipations*, is in *The World Set Free* brought into being. The history of mankind, says Wells, is the history of the attainment of external power. And he traces, in a Prelude to his book, the growth of man's attainment of this external power, beginning with the acquisition of fire and the use of rude stone implements to the setting of the snare that shall catch the sun. As a summary in brief of the whole history of civilisation I commend to your notice this Prelude to *The World Set Free* entitled "The Sun Snarers." For pathos and poetic beauty it seems to me unsurpassed.

"The dreamer, the story-teller was there, waiting for his opportunity amidst the busy preoccupations, the comings and goings, the wars and processions, the castle-building and cathedral-building, the arts and loves, the small diplomacies and incurable feuds, the crusades and trading journeys of the Middle

Ages. He no longer speculated with the untrammelled freedom of the Stone-Age savage; authoritative explanations of everything barred his way; but he speculated with a better brain, sat idle, and gazed at circling stars in the sky, and mused upon the coin and crystal in his hand. Whenever there was a certain leisure for thought throughout these times, then men were to be found dissatisfied with the appearance of things, dissatisfied with the assurances of orthodox belief, uneasy with a sense of unread symbols in the world about them, questioning the finality of scholastic wisdom. Through all the ages of history there were men to whom this whisper had come of hidden things about them. They could no longer lead ordinary lives, nor content themselves with the common things of the world once they had heard this voice. And mostly they believed not only that all this world was as it were a painted curtain before things unguessed at, but that these secrets were Power. Hitherto Power had come to men by chance, but now there were these seekers, seeking, seeking among rare and curious and perplexing objects, sometimes finding some odd utilisable thing, sometimes deceiving themselves with fancied discoveries, sometimes pretending to find. The world of everyday laughed at these eccentric beings, or

found them annoying, and ill-treated them, or was seized with fear and made saints and sorcerers and warlocks of them, or with covetousness and entertained them hopefully; but for the greater part heeded them not at all. Yet they were of the blood of him who had first dreamt of attacking the mammoth; every one of them was of his blood and descent; and the thing they sought, all unwittingly, was the snare that will one day catch the sun.”

The scientific fact which leads to the revolution in human affairs is represented as the discovery of radio-activity in the heavier elements, leading to the use of atomic energy as a source of power and consequently to the supersession of steam. Steam had been the first-comer in the new powers. With the beginning of the Age of Energy began the construction of atomic engines of various types which not only invaded industrialism and revolutionised social and international life, but created also engines of war, so destructive as to lead to the cessation of War itself. For as soon as the engines of destruction become more powerful than the engines of construction, War must perforce

come to an end, or mankind become extinct. The world will have been set free when War has ceased for ever. The history of this industrial and social transformation is told for the most part in the shape of an autobiographical novel in the style of *Wilhelm Meister's Lehr Wanderjahre*, from the pen of one Frederick Barnet.

“He was neither a very original nor a very brilliant man, but he had a trick of circumstantial writing. . . .”

He belonged to the class of fairly prosperous people until the débâcle of 1956. He was a student in London, he aeroplaned to Italy, and then had a pedestrian tour from Genoa to Rome, crossed in the air to Greece and Egypt and came back over the Balkans and Germany. His family fortunes, which were largely invested in bank-shares, coal-mines, and house property were destroyed. Reduced to penury, he sought to earn a living, he suffered great hardship and then was caught up by the war and had a year's soldiering. The book tells all these things so simply and at the same time so

explicitly that it remains as it were an eye by which future generations may have at least one man's vision of the years of the Great Change. "He was," he tells us, "a Modern State man from the beginning." He breathed in these ideas in the class-rooms and laboratories of the Carnegie Foundation School that rose, a delicately beautiful façade, along the south bank of the Thames opposite the ancient dignity of Somerset House. Such thought was interwoven with the very fabric of that pioneer school in the educational renaissance in England. After the customary exchange years in Heidelberg and Paris, he went into the classical school of London University. The older, so-called, classical education of the British pedagogues, probably the most paralyzing, ineffective, and foolish routine that ever wasted human life, had already been swept out of this great institution in favour of modern methods; and he learnt Greek and Latin as well as he had learnt German, Spanish, and French, so that he wrote and spoke them freely.

The catastrophe in his life is brought about by the outbreak of the great World War, which was destined to kill War :

“ Viewed from the standpoint of a sane and ambitious social order, it is difficult to understand, and it would be tedious to follow the motives that plunged mankind into the war that fills the histories of the middle decades of the twentieth century. It must always be remembered that the political structure of the world at that time was extraordinarily behind the collective intelligence. That is the central fact of that history. For 200 years there had been no great changes in political and legal methods and pretensions, the utmost change had been a certain shifting of boundaries and slight readjustments of procedure, while in nearly every other aspect of life there had been fundamental revolutions, gigantic releases, and an enormous enlargement of scope and outlook. The absurdities of courts and the indignities of representative parliamentary government, coupled with the opening of vast fields of opportunity in other directions, had withdrawn the best intelligences more and more from public affairs. The ostensible governments of the world in the twentieth century were following in the wake of the ostensible

religions. They were ceasing to command the services of any but second-rate men. Everywhere one finds an energetic, ambitious, short-sighted, commonplace type in the seats of authority, blind to the new possibilities and litigiously dependent upon the traditions of the past.

“Perhaps the most dangerous of these outworn traditions were the boundaries of the various sovereign states and the conception of a general predominance in human affairs on the part of some one particular state. The memory of the empires of Rome and Alexander squatted, an unlaidd omnivorous ghost, in the human imagination—it bored into the human brain like some grisly parasite and filled it with disordered thoughts and violent impulses. For more than a century the French system exhausted its vitality in belligerent convulsions, and then the infection spread to the German-speaking peoples who were the heart and centre of Europe, and from them onward to the Slavs. Later ages were to store and neglect the vast insane literature of this obsession, the intricate treaties, the secret agreements, the infinite knowingness of the political writer, the cunning refusals to accept plain facts, the strategic devices, the tactical manœuvres, the records of mobilisations and counter-mobilisations. It ceased to be credible almost as soon

as it ceased to happen, but in the very dawn of the new age their statecraftsmen sat, their historical candles burning, and in spite of strange new reflections and unfamiliar lights and shadows, still wrangling and planning to rearrange the maps of Europe and the world."

I pass over the various scenes and incidents described by Wells with so much verisimilitude, or so it must seem to us who now have some idea of what war is like. The scenes of the conflict are for the most part the low-lying plains of Flanders, with which we are so woe-fully familiar. The decisive touch in this war, which is to prove the decisive touch for all war, is given by the bursting of the atomic bomb. You may read the descriptions of such a bomb bursting on the Headquarters of the War Control in Paris and of the retaliatory hurling of another from an aeroplane upon Berlin. The result was a continuous explosion. Never before in the history of warfare had there been a continuing explosive, the only explosives known were combustibles whose explosiveness was due entirely to their instantaneousness. . . .

The atomic bombs were strange even to the men who used them. . . . Always before in the development of warfare the shells and rockets fired had been but momentarily explosive, they had gone off in an instant once for all, and if there was nothing living or valuable within reach of the concussion and the flying fragments then they were spent and over. But these bombs remained spinning furiously and maintaining an irruption that lasted for years, or months, or weeks, according to the size of the bomb employed and the chance of its dispersal. Such was the triumph of military science, the ultimate explosive that was to give the decisive touch to war.

“A recent historical writer has described the world of that time as one that believed in established words and was invincibly blind to the obvious in things. Certainly it seems now that nothing could have been more obvious to the people of the earlier twentieth century than the rapidity with which war was becoming impossible.

“And as certainly they did not see it. They did not see it until the atomic bombs burst in

their fumbling hands. Yet the broad facts must have glared upon any intelligent mind. All through the nineteenth and twentieth centuries the amount of energy that men were able to command was continually increasing. Applied to warfare that meant that the power to destroy, the power to inflict a blow was continually increasing. There was no increase whatever in the power to escape! Every sort of passive defence, armour, fortifications, and so forth, was being outmastered by the tremendous increase on the destructive side. Destruction was becoming so facile that any little body of malcontents could use it; it was revolutionising the problems of police and internal rule. Before the last war it was a matter of common knowledge that a man could carry about in a handbag an amount of latent energy sufficient to wreck half a city. These facts were before the minds of everyone; the children in the streets knew them. And yet the world still, as the Americans used to phrase it, 'fooled around' with the paraphernalia and pretensions of war. It is only by realising this profound, this fantastic divorce between the scientific and intellectual movement on the one hand and the world of the lawyer-politician on the other that the men of a later time can hope to understand this preposterous state of affairs.

Social organisation was still in the barbaric stage. There were already great numbers of actively intelligent men and much private and commercial civilisation, but the community as a whole was aimless, untrained and unorganised to the pitch of imbecility. Collective civilisation, the Modern state was still in the womb of the future."

What concerns us here chiefly is the nature of the state that must result in a world in which War has become impossible. The world being once and for all set free from the ignoble task of self-defence can devote itself to plans for the amelioration of mankind without fear of interruption caused by the necessity for military preparations. The social reconstruction of the world is entrusted to a Council of Government which meets at Brissago on the southern slopes of the Alps. The task that lay before the Assembly at Brissago was in its broad issues a simple one :

" Essentially it was to place social organisation upon the new footing that the swift accelerated advance of human knowledge had rendered necessary."

The Council was gathered together with the haste of a salvage expedition, and it was confronted with wreckage; but the wreckage was irreparable wreckage, and the only possibilities of the case were either the relapse of mankind to the agricultural barbarism from which it had emerged so painfully or the acceptance of achieved science as the basis of a new social order. The old tendencies of human nature, suspicion, jealousy, particularism, and belligerency, were incompatible with the monstrous destructive power of the new appliances, the inhuman logic, science had produced. The equilibrium could be restored only by civilisation destroying itself down to a level at which modern apparatus could no longer be produced or by human nature adapting itself in its institutions to the new conditions. It was for the latter alternative that the assembly existed. Wells goes on to trace the handling by the assembly of the question of capital and labour. It went on to develop a system in agriculture which should give the full advantages of civilised life to every agricultural labourer; it

tackled the question of a common currency and a *lingua franca* for the whole of the civilised world. It evolved out of an almost invisible germ of town-planning a special committee for the planning and replanning of the world as a place of human habitation. It, above all, set itself to organise a universal education to fit men to the great conceptions of its universal rule :

“ It made no wrangling attacks on the local racial and sectarian forms of religious profession that at that time divided the earth into a patchwork of hates and distrusts ; it left these organisations to make their peace with God in their own time ; but it proclaimed, as if it were a secular truth, that sacrifice was expected from all, that respect had to be shown to all ; it revived or set up schools afresh all round the world, and everywhere these schools taught the history of war and the consequences and moral of the Last War ; everywhere it was taught not as a sentiment, but as a matter of fact that the salvation of the world from waste and contention was the common duty and occupation of all men and women. These things which are now the elementary commonplaces of human

intercourse seemed to the councillors of Brissago, when first they dared to proclaim them, marvellously daring discoveries, not untouched by doubt, that flushed the cheek and fired the eye."

The leading spirit on the Council of Educational Reconstruction is a Russian named Karenin, and the keynote of the modern educational system was probably entirely his work. To him was due that self-abnegation, self-identification with the world-spirit, was made the basis of universal education. A manifesto he issued to the teachers before his death runs as follows :

"Whosoever would save his life shall lose it. That is the device upon the seal of this document and the starting-point of all we have to do. It is a mistake to regard it as anything but a plain statement of fact. It is the basis of your work. You have to teach self-forgetfulness, and everything else that you have to teach is contributory and subordinate to that end. Education is the release of man from self. You have to widen the horizons of your children, encourage and intensify their curiosity and creative impulses and cultivate and enlarge

their sympathies. That is what we are here for. Under your guidance and the suggestions you will bring to bear upon them, they have to shed the old Adam of instinctive suspicions, hostilities, and passions, and to find themselves again in the great being of the universe. The little circles of their egotisms have to be opened out until they become arcs in the sweep of the racial purpose. And this that you teach to others you must learn also sedulously yourselves. Philosophy, discovery, every sort of skill, every sort of service, love: these are the means of salvation from that narrow loneliness of desire, that brooding preoccupation with self and egotistical relationships, which is hell for the individual, treason to the race, and exile from God."

Of what nature are the citizens of the new World that is to be? In his earlier book, *A Modern Utopia*, Wells had depicted an ideal State in which a chosen few, a company capable of what he calls "poletic" activities, would predominate and rule, a race of Samurai, comparable to the Guardians of Plato's Republic. Practically the whole of the responsible rule of the world is to be in their hands: all the head teachers and disciplinary heads of colleges,

judges, barristers, employers of labour beyond a certain limit, practising medical men, legislators, must be Samurai. The order is not hereditary; it is as a matter of fact an order of voluntary nobility, open to all the world. The only thing that could exclude from the order would be unwillingness or inability to follow the rule, and the rule was planned to exclude the dull, to be unattractive to the base, and to direct and co-ordinate all sound citizens of good intent. It aimed at disciplining the impulses and emotions, developing a moral habit, and sustaining a man in periods of stress, fatigue, and temptation.

“ There are moments in the life of every philosopher and dreamer when he feels himself the flimsiest of absurdities, when the Thing in Being has its way with him, its triumphant way when it asks with a roar, unanswerably with a fine, solid use of the current vernacular, ‘What’s the good of all this rot about Utopias!’ One inspects the Thing in Being with something of the diffident speculation of primitive man peering from behind a tree at an angry elephant. On how many occasions must

that ancestor of ours have had just the Utopist's feelings of ambitious unreality, have decided that on the whole it was wisest to go very quietly home again and leave the big beast alone? But in the end he rode upon the elephant's head and guided him this way and that. The Thing in Being that roars so triumphantly about Charing Cross Corner seems a bigger antagonist than an elephant, but then we have better weapons than chipped flint blades."

I have chosen to illustrate how far the world of to-day is from *Utopia*, *The New Machiavelli* and *The Research Magnificent*, two of Wells' more recent novels, each the biography of a character that had in it the capacity to become one of the Samurai in a Utopian world-state, each of whom failed, and why? Failed, even if judged by our standards; failed utterly if measured by Utopian standards. Was it because their education was planned on our lines, the traditional lines of society as we know it? Because their environment, against which nevertheless each in his turn rebelled, made evolution into a member of the order of the Samurai

impossible? And yet each of these chief characters in these books is shot through and through with sparks of aspiration, and gleams of insight into the whole duty of man. Shall we have to come to the conclusion that even in Utopia, the world-state of the future, there will be some failures? Mr. Wells would like to avoid any such admission. These two books mirror for us, so he would have us believe, the spirit of a time which is changing; they are a gallery of individual conflicts in which the old habits and customs, limited ideas, ungenerous temperaments, innate obsessions are pitted against the great opening-out of life that is about to happen. . . . They give us the discord between the opening egotisms of youth and the ill-defined limitations of a changing life. They tell of the universal struggle of jealousy to capture and cripple our souls, of romantic failures and tragical misconceptions, of the trend of the world, of the spirit of adventure, and the urgency of curiosity, and how these serve the universal drift. They tell of the world of to-day, of our world. The New

Machiavelli had it in him to become a statesman; he might have achieved stupendous things; he climbed high and fast from small beginnings. He had the mind of his party.

“I do not know,” says he, “where I might not have ended, but for this red blaze that came out of my unguarded nature and closed my career for ever.”

As a contemporary history of middle-class education at one of the great Public Schools of England, a sketch of political climbing prior to the war, *The New Machiavelli* may never be surpassed. As a study of English middle-class life it beats Arnold Bennett, because with much of the same fidelity to detail it makes plain, in a way in which Mr. Bennett's work does not, that ideas underlie the social stagnation of England, as well as the social progress of England. Conservatism is based on principles no less than Socialism. His scenes from life at the City Merchants School afford material for a history of English Education in the closing years of the nineteenth century, the scenes from party life at Westminster are an illuminat-

ing record of humbug and misrule mingled with love of country and honourable ambition. Behind all the sham, the muddle, the blind groping of the life he had lived in London, the hero of the story had felt the glorious possibility of helping to remake the will of England. He doubted, even as he fled never to return, his right to this suicidal abandonment of a great task—

“and suddenly all the schemes I was leaving appeared fine and adventurous and hopeful as they had never done before. How great was this purpose I had relinquished, this bold and subtle remaking of the English will! I had doubted so many things, and now suddenly I doubted my unimportance, doubted my right to this suicidal abandonment. Was not I a trusted messenger, greatly trusted and favoured, who had turned aside by the way? Had I not, after all, stood for far more than I had thought: was I not filching from that dear city of my birth and life, some vitally necessary thing, a key, a link, a reconciling clue in her political development, that she might now seek vaguely for in vain? What is one life against the state?”

He had let his individualism get the victory over the claims of the collective mind—he had made the great renunciation of his share in an endeavour “to incorporate and comprehend his fellow-men into a community of purpose.”

The story of William Porphyry Benham, the hero of *The Research Magnificent*, is the story of a man who was led into adventure by an idea. It was an idea that took possession of his imagination quite early in life; it grew with him, it changed with him, it interwove at last completely with his being. His story is its story. . . . He had an incurable, an almost innate, persuasion that he had to live life nobly and thoroughly. His commoner expression for that thorough living is “the aristocratic life.” But by “aristocratic” he meant something very different from the quality of a Russian prince, let us say, or an English peer; he meant an intensity, a clearness. . . . Nobility meant for him as an individual to get something out of his existence, a flame, a jewel, a splendour—it is a thing easier to understand than to say. And when he had discovered that Nobility was

not the simple thing he had supposed it to be, he set himself in a mood only slightly disconcerted to the *discovery* of Nobility. When it dawned upon him, as it did, that one cannot be noble, so to speak, *in vacuo*, he set himself to discover a noble Society. He began with simple beliefs and fine attitudes and ended in a conscious research. If he could not get through by a stride, then it followed that he must get through by a climb. He spent the greater part of his life studying and experimenting in the nobler possibilities of man. He never lost his absurd faith in that conceivable splendour; at first it was always just round the corner or through the wood; to the last it seemed still but a little way beyond the distant mountains.

Benham's early career resembles in most respects that of the New Machiavelli, except that by a strange irony of fate the means which make it possible for this inveterate seeker after nobility to pursue his quest are the wages of his mother's dishonour. He is the traditional school-boy, the traditional undergraduate at

Cambridge, he is the traditional young man about town, he too marries the wrong woman, and he escapes from her, not, however, for the sake of mere selfish gratification, but lest his entanglement with her should hinder his stepping onward and upward, he too fails, but he remains conscious of his goal to the very last, and when he dies, it is as a knight-errant, tilting perchance at windmills, but bent upon what he conceives to be his knightly duty, even to the sacrifice of his life. He confesses the faith that is in him just before he falls in the attack upon the Rand Club in Johannesburg :

“ I have gone about the world dreaming of tremendous things and failing most people, my wife, too. . . . You see this is the sort of thing one has got to stand. Life is imperfect. Nothing can be done perfectly. If I had to live over again I would try to do the things without hurting people, but, anyhow, I would do the things. Because I am raw with remorse it does not follow that on the whole I am not doing right. Right doing isn't balm. I suffer for their suffering, but still I have to stick to the way I have taken. One's blunders are accidents. If one thing is

clearer than another, it is that the world isn't accident-proof. . . . The main thing, the impersonal thing goes on. One thinks, one learns, one adds one's contribution of experience and understanding. The spirit of the race goes on to light and comprehension. In spite of accidents, in spite of individual blunderings. It would be absurd anyhow to suppose that nobility is so easy as to come slick and true on every occasion. If one gives oneself to a long aim one must reckon with minor disasters. This Research I undertake grows and grows. I believe in it more and more. The more it asks from me, the more I give to it. When I was a youngster I thought the thing I wanted was just round the corner. . . . But the noble life is a long way ahead. We are working out a new way of living for mankind, a new rule, a new conscience. It is no small job for all of us. I see myself now for the little workman I am upon this tremendous undertaking. And all my life hereafter goes to serve it."

He is a stage further on the road than the New Machiavelli.

I must try to gather up the threads. What have I been driving at? This: That the primary duty confronting us will be, in the

future, as in the past, the duty of education, of educating ourselves, of educating others, whether we be professional educators or not. Further, that the type of education we provide will be sufficient in so far as it responds to the needs of the times. That it is our business to obtain some insight into the conditions of life as they must prevail after the War, even though this be not yet the War that must end War! Would that it were! Be that as it may, the duty of education remains urgent! And a very important part of this education concerns ourselves. It is an old saying: "Physician, heal thyself!" It becomes us all to make ourselves fine, and perceiving, and expressive, and to render our experience helpful to others. It is a part of our educational duty to learn to *think*, not an easy task for us British, and yet not one that we may evade, if we are to arrive at some understanding of the principles on which we act. The *intellectual* factor is of primary importance in all effective and efficient life. The degree to which we as a nation have neglected it becomes patent even from the most super-

ficial study of the present war. Why should salvation come to the intellectual coward, the mental sluggard, and sloven? What is the hardest thing in the world? To think! Yet the process of "muddling through" is incompatible with the conscious research of aristocracy. Part and parcel of our intellectual activity on our own behalf will be intellectual activity on behalf of others. The time for hoarding and secreting ideas and experiences in a sort of intellectual shyness and miserliness is gone. We can teach or write or talk. We can found or enlarge schools or Universities, or help others to do so. We can help to circulate books worth reading, we can enter, or help others to enter, the field of scientific research, which is a field of duty calling to everyone who can to enter it, for the purpose of adding to the stock of knowledge and the resources of the race. We shall want to help in the organisation of the prevention and cure of disease, the reshaping of legal institutions, the restatement of religious truths. And what we professional teachers will want to realise more fully than we

have done hitherto is that we are training not individuals merely, not merely citizens of the world as it is to-day, but citizens of a world yet to be, "that coming City of Mankind, more wonderful than all our dreaming, full of life, full of youth, and full of the spirit of creation."

Do not tell me that the time-table will not hold such aspirations !

II

EDUCATION AND THE MEDICAL PROFESSION

THE task set me is to give you my views as to the best education at school for girls who intend to take up Medicine as a profession.

The question may seem to resolve itself into two alternatives: Shall a girl specialise at school with a view to taking up Medicine, or, in other words, shall her education be primarily scientific, or shall a girl who is, in the future, to be a doctor not specialise in science any more than any other subject—*i.e.*, shall her education be of the more or less usual literary type, commonly called humanistic, with the admixture on modern lines of elementary science, which I suppose we are all agreed in considering essential in any course of study that claims to be educational at all. I am excluding, for the purpose of this discussion, elementary education up to the age of thirteen.

My task would be simple if the answer to

either of these alternatives could be "Yes" or "No." But, in my opinion, that is not possible. The woman doctor is, after all, a woman first and a doctor afterwards, and if we are to turn out good women doctors, we have first of all to secure good women—*i.e.*, competent, fully developed human beings, equipped with the qualities we consider characteristically desirable in a woman as an individual and as a member of society. Secondly, but only in the second place, we have to train these women in the art of the practice of medicine. To act otherwise would be to imply that the professional training for medicine was, in itself, the best educational training, taking education in its widest sense.

But I doubt that any, even of the present audience, which I suppose is largely medical and scientific, would go that length. Carried to its logical conclusion, that would mean that doctors are the best educated representatives of the race, and we should be tempted to introduce universal medical training as the basis of supplementary, humanistic education. But I

have met both men and women practising medicine on the authority of reasonably good degrees, who were most certainly very indifferently educated human beings.

Professional education, so-called vocational training, is, in my opinion, out of place at school, and early specialisation, with a view to rapid and early success in a profession, will defeat its own end, no matter what the profession may be, but it will be specially disastrous in medicine. Up to the age of sixteen, the education of the girl who aspires to medicine should not differ from that of any other girl. Both should study at least a modicum of the exact sciences: Mathematics, Elementary Physics, and Chemistry; but both should also have a fair chance of becoming familiar with more than one literature, which means more than one language in addition to their own. Both should get some knowledge of history and of the historic method, and both should be practised in the power of self-expression, whether in letters, in music, in art, in the narrower sense, or in movement, say, games or

dancing. In short, a human being to be called educated must have been taught to think and to appreciate thought, and be, or have become, accessible to artistic emotion and capable of creative activity by means of the practice of some art. If that be true of human beings in general, it must, since the greater includes the less, be also true of the would-be doctor. Too early a devotion to specialised knowledge must limit the time that can be spared for general education, for not even a modern time-table can hold every subject.

After sixteen, it may be, and often is, possible to specialise in school to a certain extent, and a girl who has a strong bent for science may safely devote, and should be given a chance of devoting, one-third to one-half her working time to science, but not more. On the other hand, a girl who is destined to read for honours in classics, or history, should equally devote some portion of her time to science.

The point I want to make is this. It is all-important in the interests of women and of the medical profession that only the well-educated

woman should aspire to medicine. If you devote too much of a girl's time at school to the acquisition of scientific information, even if it be acquired by the most up-to-date experimental methods, you limit her chances of wider cultivation, and, personally, I would rather a girl plunged, comparatively ignorant of science, into the study of medicine than comparatively uneducated in the wider sense.

Several very obvious objections will be made to this statement! First, that time is a matter of great importance, for, literally, time means money, and if a girl who wants to take up medicine leaves school without a specialised knowledge in certain departments of science, she will have to add a year to her professional studies in order to atone for her scientific ignorance—a serious drawback in the case of poorer students; secondly, that at the medical schools and Universities examinations for scholarships and bursaries presuppose a considerable amount of specialisation in science, and the girl educated on the lines I am assuming would, therefore, be debarred

from these benefits; thirdly, a point to be remembered by the true scientist, my argument may be held to deny the educational value of science.

I agree that the question of time and money constitutes a real difficulty, but one that ought to be met by the willingness of University examining authorities to value evidence of intellectual promise above information, and general, above specialised, knowledge. The present standard of University Entrance Scholarship Papers puts a premium on cram at school; even science can be crammed—and reduces the aspirant to a state of mind which we familiarly, and not inaptly, call “staleness.” Schools, especially girls’ schools, have, I know, tried to put pressure on the Universities and colleges to alter their methods for the award of scholarships, so far, without success. The question of money ought not, however, to be allowed to exercise an adverse influence on education, and perhaps, as the nation, including educational authorities, becomes more enlightened, it will cease to do so.

I am armed against attack on the third point by the Report of the Committee on the position of Natural Science in Education, which you have all probably read with much interest and profit. Even the signatories to that Report, who may be taken to represent the most advanced scientific opinion in the country, do not claim more than a modicum of a pupil's time for Science, rightly recognising that in a truly liberal education Science must share the honour of a place with other subjects :

“Some of the advocates of scientific training”—I quote from the Report—“have damaged their cause by claiming too much for their subject, and by seeming to depreciate the value of the literary studies which had tended to monopolise the attention of the ablest pupils . . . we do not think that the surest method of victory is to be found in the over-statement of the merits of Science, or the depreciation of the value of Classics. . . . We are confident that the teaching of Science must be vivified by a development of its human interest side by side with its material and mechanical aspect, and that while it should be valued as the bringer of prosperity and power to the individual or the

nation, it must never be divorced from those literary and historical studies which touch most naturally the heart and the hopes of mankind."

Nobody here doubts the educational value of a study of Science. To quote once more from the Report :

"It can arouse and satisfy the element of wonder in our nature. As an intellectual exercise, it disciplines our powers of mind. It quickens and cultivates directly the faculty of observation. It teaches the learner to reason from facts which come under his own notice. By it the power of a rapid and accurate generalisation is strengthened. Without it there is a real danger of the mental habit of method and arrangement never being acquired. . . . In the Science lesson the eye and the judgment are always being called upon for an effort, and because the result is within the vision and appreciation of the learner, he is encouraged, as he seldom can be, when he is dealing with literature. . . ."

All this we may grant, and yet I repeat that if a girl who aspires to medicine has, in her school career, to choose between a liberal

education, in which for various reasons Science can play little or no part, and one which, in spite of the opportunities offered for the acquisition of a considerable amount of scientific knowledge is less liberal, she will be well advised to choose the former. She can make up for lack of early scientific training, but she can probably never make up for lack of early literary and artistic training. Luckily, in an increasing number of cases, girls are not confronted with the Hobson's choice, and most of the schools from which the women doctors of the future will be recruited provide normally for the study of English, including History and Geography, Languages other than English, Mathematics, and Natural Science, and each of these subjects is considered an integral part of a girl's education.

If we were living in Utopia I should like to emphasise two other points. The first is this: In most trades or professions in which women rather recently have entered into serious competition with men, it is a fact that in order to establish her claim to equality of opportunity

and treatment with men, the woman has, in the first instance, had to prove her superiority. In many cases we have resented the necessity as weighing unfairly on the woman. In the interests of the medical profession and of the individual woman doctor, I hope the necessity for relative superiority in the woman will survive. My great anxiety at the moment is lest too many intellectually and morally mediocre women should crowd into medicine. The large number of well-paid medical posts that have of late sprung up, the scarcity of men doctors, the social limitations in other professions open to women, such as teaching, are all contributory causes to a growth in the number of women candidates for medicine. The number of women thronging into medicine just now fills me with some anxiety. I regret that the relatively lower standard of the Matriculation examination for medical students in London, and also in Scotland, encourages the girl who has difficulty in reaching a high standard in several school subjects simultaneously, to qualify for admission as a medical student.

The abolition of compulsory Latin for medical students in the Northern Shires is, on the whole, to be deplored. The Scottish Universities accept both Latin and Mathematics on the lower standard for medical students. The General Medical Council accept for registration purposes qualifying examinations which do not include Latin. I hold no special brief for Latin, but I know from experience as a teacher that the girl who does not include Latin amongst her qualifying subjects fails to do so because she was unable to keep up as an adept in some other languages. Secondly, the woman doctor, if she is to justify her existence, should be something of a philosopher and a woman of the world, but she will be neither if, after a somewhat exclusively scientific education at school, she rushes through a University medical course as rapidly as may be, and begins to practise with the least amount of delay. The average man practitioner of fair medical skill is frequently deficient both in knowledge of the mind and in knowledge of life. What is a serious defect in him becomes

yet more fatal in a woman, and with our increasing perception of the interrelation of mind and body, and the reaction of social conditions on individual public health, a reprehensible shortcoming. I would like every woman aspirant to medicine to have some quite definite training in philosophy, more especially psychology, and in social science, before she is launched in practice. The mere exercise of her profession will teach her much, of course, but she should not have to rely for these two important factors in her life's work on mere empiricism. This suggestion adds, I suppose, quite considerably to the length of a medical course. It would be facilitated, however, by an education at school which was really liberal, and it is hampered by one which is too exclusively scientific in the narrower sense. Any shortage in the acquisition of scientific information at school can be compensated for to some extent by the employment of scientific *method* in other studies, as the Report has so ably pointed out.

To supplement my remarks I have made a

rough sketch of the work in Science which it is possible for girls who are aiming at qualifying for medicine to accomplish in four years at a school like St. Leonards, St. Andrews, which has up-to-date laboratories and an experienced teaching staff. The standard ultimately attained is that of admission to a degree course at a University. We consider, further, that the Science work as planned leaves a sufficient margin of time for general education to proceed concurrently with it. The main point to be noticed is that up to the age of the first School Examination—about sixteen—we should not differentiate between medical students and girls proceeding to other professions. Much that I have wanted to say has been anticipated by the publication of the Committee's Report. I may add that a school like St. Leonards would be able and willing to prepare girls while at school for their first professional examination. The practical drawback would be that the small number of candidates for such a course would make it expensive in labour and money.

III

THE GIRLS' SCHOOL IN LITERATURE AND IN LIFE

DEFOE, writing in 1697 an *Essay on Projects*, debates the desirability of the foundation of an Academy for Women :

“I have often thought of it as one of the most barbarous customs in the world, considering us as a civilised and a Christian country, that we deny the advantages of learning to women. We reproach the sex every day with Folly and Impertinence, while I am confident, had they the advantages of education equal to us, they would be guilty of less than ourselves. . . . One would wonder, indeed, how it should happen that women are conversable at all, since they are only beholden to natural parts for all their knowledge. Their youth is spent to teach them to stitch and sew or make baubles. They are taught to read, indeed, and perhaps to write their names or so, and that is the height of a woman's education. And I would but ask any who slight the sex for their understanding : What is a man good for that is

taught no more? To remove this objection, and that women might have at least a needful opportunity of education in all sorts of useful learning, I propose the Draught of an Academy for that purpose."

And he proceeds to draw up a scheme for a school or college for women, attendance at which should be voluntary, and where they should be taught

"all sorts of breeding suitable both to their genius and their quality, and, in particular, music and dancing, but besides this, languages, or particularly French and Italian, all the graces of speech and all the necessary air of conversation. They should also be brought to read books, and especially history, and so to read as to make them understand the world, and be able to know and judge of things when they hear of them—indeed, to such whose genius would lead them to it, he, Defoe, would deny no sort of learning."

By a slow and tedious process of development, we have to-day perhaps reached the standard at which Defoe aimed. How slow the progress was, and how tentative the successive

efforts made towards reform, you may gather if you will take the trouble to look up a series of eight articles which appeared in the Educational Supplement of *The Times* between the end of August and the middle of October, entitled "English Girls at School." You will, as you read, realise how great an advance on the current opinions of the day is marked by Defoe's essay. You will grasp that, up to the seventeenth century, the question of the Grammar School, or of the Universities, comes practically not at all into the history of the early education of girls. It is clear that up to that date their instruction was derived from three sources only: the nunnery school, the private tutor or governess, and some type of elementary school, chiefly of a low grade. Yet More's *Utopia* had obviously forecast a state of society in which equal opportunities for education should be available for boys and girls, and how refined a type of culture and education the best of tutors was capable of setting before the best of pupils may be inferred from the passages in which Roger

Ascham gives us glimpses of the studies pursued under his guidance by the Princess Elizabeth, afterwards the Queen.

“The Lady Elizabeth and I are studying together in the original Greek, the crown orations of Demosthenes. She reads her lessons to me, and at one glance so completely comprehends not only the idiom of the language and sense of the orator, but the exact bearing of the cause, and the public acts, manner and usage of the Athenian people, that you would marvel to behold her.”

And later we have the pathetic figure of Lady Jane Grey, who preferred the reading of Phædo Platonis in Greek to hunting in the park, and challenged as to the reason of her preference, replied :

“I wit all their sport in the park is but a shadow of that pleasure I find in Plato. Alas, good folk, they never felt what true pleasure meant.”

The pleasures of the mind were, however, in the main, only for the favoured few, though there is historical evidence to prove that the

elementary schools, and more especially those in villages and rural districts, were available for boys and girls alike. About the middle of the century a detailed inquiry was ordered to be made into the number and character of the schools, and the information was to be supplied not only by schoolmasters, but by all public mistresses of schools, and instructors and teachers of young maids and women. Hence we may infer that schools for girls existed in considerable numbers. It is fairly evident that the education offered was, for the most part, of a domestic and utilitarian character, although some instruction in letters appears to have been permissible. In 1640, a certain Sara Grocin, gently born, was apprenticed for the term of seven years to a silk-knitter, it being stipulated, however, that she should have time and liberty to learn to read. The modern day advocates of vocational training should ask themselves whether we are not already within the danger circle of a return to a similar curriculum.

The eighteenth century marks little advance

on the seventeenth. The fine ladies of society were evidently in a position to gratify their dilettante taste for reading. Addison's Leonora had a library, though it was obviously something of a curiosity, and it contained a medley of such books as Sir Isaac Newton's works : *The Grand Cyrus*, with a pin stuck in one of the middle leaves ; Locke on *Human Understanding*, with a paper of patches in it ; a *Spelling Book*, a *Dictionary for the Explanation of Hard Words*, *The Fifteen Comforts of Matrimony*, *The Academy of Compliments*, Taylor's *Holy Living and Dying*, and many more. Truly, as the Edinburgh wit of a later period exclaimed : " I do not care how blue a lady's stockings may be if her petticoats are but long enough," and a fashionable lady was permitted to aspire to letters, while her humbler sister was barely permitted to learn to spell. Indeed, the elementary schools of the period, nearly all of them so-called Charity Schools, which catered largely for the poorer classes, seem to have added less to human knowledge and efficiency than to the sum total of human

misery. Intellectual starvation, combined with insufficient food and warmth and an over-sufficiency of the rod, formed the accepted educational system of the period. Even Shenstone's *Schoolmistress*, published in 1741, and modelled from life, rules her flock with a birch rod fashioned from a tree growing conveniently near. Imagine such sentiments as the following, expressed in the Spenserian stanza :

“ In every village marked with little spire,
Embower'd in trees, and hardly known to fame,
There dwells in lowly shed and mean attire,
A matron old, whom we schoolmistress name,
Who boasts unruly brats with birch to tame;
They grieven sore, in piteous durance pent,
Awed by the power of this relentless dame,
And oft-times on vagaries idly bent,
For unkempt hair, or task unconned, are sorely shent.

And all in sight doth rise a birchen tree,
Which Learning near her little dome did stow,
Whilom a twig of small regard to see,
Though now so wide its waving branches flow,
And work the simple vassals mickle woe.
For not a wind might curl the leaves that blew,
But their limbs shuddered, and their pulse beat low,
And as they looked they found their horror grew,
And shaped it into rods, and tingled at the view.”

The nineteenth century awoke to find its commercial and social stability threatened by the ignorance of the population, much as we are awaking under similar conditions to similar conclusions. The first Compulsory Education Act of 1802 was bitterly opposed by the woollen and cotton spinners of the North, yet by 1816 there was some proof of a desire for more education amongst the working classes. But the elementary education of girls was markedly in arrear to even that of boys, and it had to fight a hard battle against public opinion, against industrial conditions, against poor standards in curricula, and in the equipment of teachers. Even in Scotland the opinion prevailed that education was of much less importance to girls than boys. If the girls could knit stockings and read a little they were considered very fully educated.

At the beginning of the century, and even up to the middle of it, a large section of the child population was still educated in dames' schools, some good, some bad, most of them indifferent, but the average quality of the best may be

gathered from the following little history of *Miss Sally Spellwell*, taken from a collection of stories for children entitled *The Lilliputian Magazine*, by Timothy Teachman.

“Miss Sally Spellwell was one of the prettiest little ladies that ever con’d a lesson. She was the daughter of a country Curate, who died before she was born; and her Mamma had very little to support herself and Daughter with but what she got by her Needle; but being a very fine Workwoman she was employed by most of the Ladies of Distinction in the Place, which enabled her to live comfortably and bring up her daughter very decently. Miss Sally Spellwell had no mistress but her Mamma, and indeed there could not be a better. As soon as ever she was able to speak she was taught her letters, and as she grew up was remarkable for her accuracy in Spelling, a Circumstance not so much regarded by the Ladies as it should be.

“Miss Sally’s Mamma to help out undertook to instruct six young ladies in Reading and Needlework. And if she was sent for by any other Ladies to teach them how to do some curious work, Miss Sally was such a proficient that she could supply her absence both in Reading and Working, in an astonishing

manner which made her very much beloved by the pretty ladies who boarded with her Mamma.

“Miss Sally, before she was six years of age, had finished two Samplers in a very curious Manner, containing the Lord’s Prayer, the Belief, and the Ten Commandments, with very pretty ornaments.

“Nobody could live more happy than Sally and her Mamma; for some years Peace and Contentment were their constant companions, but, alas! poor Sally was ordained to feel a severe Reverse of Fortune; her dear Mamma was taken ill of a fever and after a short Illness left this transitory World for the Eternal one.

“What could this Orphan do? How could she proceed? No one to advise with, no tender bosom to open the flowing of her woe-fraught Soul to. Yet she must not fall a victim to despair.

“As Nature must be supported, she now turned her thoughts to consider what she must do for a Subsistence. She visited those Ladies who used to employ and encourage her Mamma, and solicited to be continued their Servant in the same manner, but after the first Visit she could never get into the presence of them again, nor ever had the least Employment.

“Her Needle therefore became useless, and as to Sewing she was entirely unfit for that;

the only thing she next had to do was in a little room which she had taken to set up a School and teach young children to read.

“In this Situation she lived for over Twelve months till her school was much increased; when an Accident happened which relieved her from all her poverty, and raised her up to that Dignity which so much Prudence, Virtue and Goodness deserved . . . and Miss Sally Spellwell now rides in her own Coach and six.

The social conditions implied in this amusing history are roughly those of the period which gave birth to Mary Wollstonecraft's *Vindication of the Rights of Women*, an impassioned appeal, in the interests of society itself for the better education of women, for, if women be not prepared by education to become the companion of man, she will stop the progress of knowledge and virtue. She advocates the establishment of national day schools, where boys and girls may be educated together.

“To prevent any of the distinctions of vanity, they should be dressed alike and all obliged to submit to the same discipline or leave the school. The schoolroom ought to be

surrounded by a large piece of ground in which the children might be usefully exercised, for at this age they should not be confined to any sedentary employment for more than an hour at a time. But these relaxations might all be rendered a part of elementary education, for many things improve and amuse the senses when introduced as a kind of show, to the principles of which, deeply laid down, children would turn a deaf ear. For instance, botany, astronomy, and mechanics. Reading, writing, arithmetic, natural history, and some simple experiments in natural philosophy, might fill up the day; but these pursuits should never encroach on gymnastic plays in the open air. The elements of religion, history, the history of man, and politics, might also be taught by conversation in the socratic form.

“After the age of nine, boys and girls intended for domestic employments, or mechanical trades, ought to be removed to other schools and receive instruction in some manner appropriated to the destination of each individual, the two sexes being still together in the morning, but in the afternoon the girls should attend a school where plain work, mantua-making, millinery, etc., would be their employment.

“The young people of superior abilities, or fortune, might now be taught, in another school, the dead and living languages, the

elements of science, and continue the study of history and politics on a more extensive scale, which would not exclude polite literature.”

Has even the twentieth century in any vital respect exceeded the aspiration of Mary Wollstonecraft? Hardly! And the history of girls' education up to certainly the middle of the nineteenth century is such as to compel us to the conclusion that her appeal fell on stony ground.

From about the middle of the eighteenth century onwards, the secondary education of girls had been cared for—if that be the right word to use—by an ever-multiplying number of boarding-schools, and it was in order to stem the torrent of social mischief which flowed from these ill-conducted establishments that Mary Wollstonecraft had advocated the establishment of *day* schools. Nevertheless, the fashion of these boarding-schools prevailed. Even the middle classes made shift to send their children to be “finished” at them. *The Times* of October, 1795, satirises this snobbish habit of the day.

“Nobody can doubt of the use and advantage of a Boarding School in an immense capital like this. When a Tradesman’s daughter is taught to jump a dance, to play a tune, and spit French, she is fit for anything but a wife.”

But it takes more than a paragraph in *The Times* to kill the aspirations of the social climber, and that vanity might have been condoned, had but the education offered been more on the lines advocated by Mary Wollstonecraft. But alas! the tyranny of accomplishments reigned supreme. A girl must be fitted at all costs to adorn her station in life, to shine in it, and to make as soon as might be a brilliant marriage. “And when she grew up she was given in marriage to a first-class Earl who kept his carriage,” was the epitaph that every Miss Pinkerton would fain have composed for every Amelia Sedley in her charge. The pages of contemporary novelists and poets are studded with references, half satirical, half chivalrous, to these female academies where the pupils learned “the royal genealogies of Ovido, the internal laws of the

Burmese Empire—by how many feet Mount Chimborazo outsoars Teneriffe . . . where they danced the polka and Cellarius. Spun glass, stuffed birds, and modelled flowers in wax, besides practising the correct pronunciation of ‘bouquet’ and the getting in and out of a carriage in the boulevard.”

About the middle of the century—1848—there appeared three works, two novels, and a poem, which may illustrate both the accepted attitude of the day towards the question of women’s education and the first stirrings of revolt. I allude to *Vanity Fair*, *Jane Eyre*, and Tennyson’s *Princess*. The school scenes in *Vanity Fair* belong, by Thackeray’s own showing, to the period when the century was in its teens. I cannot recall an actual date in *Jane Eyre*, but the events recorded must all have occurred within the first half of the century. Tennyson’s *Princess* belongs to the same period as F. D. Maurice’s *Lectures to Ladies*, and the foundation of Queen’s College, Harley Street.

The pages in which Thackeray draws the

immortal picture of Becky Sharp are dazzling, with the most polished satire ever penned by the master. Jane Eyre's autobiographical reminiscences are no caricature of an Inferno for children which postulates something more than a Purgatory for its founders and benefactors. Becky Sharp, clever, conceited, unscrupulous, a plotter and schemer, an adventuress by right of birth; Jane Eyre, an incarnation of elemental passion and sardonic impulses, now self-controlled, now demoniacally possessed, now a torpid, sullen fool, now a frenzied, storm-tossed sea, are alike the outcome of a system of superficial instruction and unnatural repression, whether based, as in the one case, on a religion of worldliness and a philosophy of self-interest, or, as in the other, on a merely conventional and traditional piety. But judging by a famous, or notorious, review of the two books in the *Quarterly* of 1848, in which the one heroine serves as foil to the other, the readers of that day were unaware that any reasoned criticism could be levelled against a system of education which produced

such types. If the heroine fell short of being heroic, or even moral, she alone was to blame, not the environment which begot her :

“Becky and Jane stand well side by side both in their analogies and in their contrasts. Both the ladies are governesses, and both make the same move in society : the one marrying her master, the other her master’s son. Neither starts in life with more than a moderate capital of good looks. Both have also an elfish sort of nature, with which they divine the secrets of other hearts ! But, on the whole, Becky is the more tolerable character, since, bearing the stamp of the Evil One, she may be studied without compunction, as a near connexion of Satan himself. Poor Jane, on the other hand, has inherited in fullest measure the worst sin of our fallen nature, Pride. Jane Eyre is proud and therefore she is ungrateful, too. It pleased God to make her an orphan, friendless, and penniless—yet she thanks nobody, and least of all Him, for the food and raiment, the friends, companions, and instructors of her helpless youth, for the care and education vouchsafed to her till she was capable in mind as fitted in years to provide for herself. On the contrary, she looks upon everything that has been done for her not only as her undoubted right, but as falling far short of it. The doctrine of humility

is not more foreign to her mind than it is repudiated by her heart. It is by her own talents, virtues, and courage that she is made to attain the summit of human happiness, and as far as Jane Eyre's own statement is concerned, no one would think that she owed anything either to God above or to man below."

Thus the review, which proceeds to appeal for the Governesses' Benevolent Institution, then newly founded, and for the Queen's College for Female Education and for Granting Certificates of Qualification to Governesses. Yet with a strange lack of humour and prophetic insight into the trend of the movement into which F. D. Maurice was at that moment throwing himself heart and soul, and which is even to-day awaiting its consummation in the admission of women to the degrees of Oxford and Cambridge, the reviewer winds up as follows :

"The real and highest responsibility of an English governess must ever rest more upon her moral than her literary qualifications, the plan of subjecting her to an examination upon the latter appears to us neither wise nor fair . .

what we require and seek for our children is not a learned machine stamped and ticketed with credentials like a piece of patent goods, but rather a woman endowed with that sound principle, refinement, and sense, which no committee of education in the world could ascertain or certify. At the best all parents of sense must be aware that no governess can teach an art or accomplishment like a regular professor, and that her vocation is rather the encouraging and directing her pupils in such pursuits than the positive imparting of them."

Improvement in the education of women could only be expected as part of a radical change in the accepted ideas of women's place in the social order. The influences which brought about so astounding a transformation in social habits are worthy of the closest study. Woman's desire to serve the social needs of her day aroused her desire to learn. The lectures delivered by Dr. Maurice upon the objects and aims of Queen's College strike the keynote of a new social epoch; the work of Florence Nightingale is the first practical application of the new ideas, and Tennyson's *Princess* is the poetical version of their birth.

“ But while they talk’d, above their heads I saw
 The feudal warrior lady-clad ; which brought
 My book to mind : and opening this I read
 Of old Sir Ralph, a page or two that rang
 With a tilt and tourney : thus the tale of her
 That drove her foes with slaughter from her walls,
 And much I praised her nobleness, and ‘ Where,’
 Ask’d Walter, patting Lilla’s hand (she lay
 Beside him), ‘ lives there such a woman now?’

Quick answer’d Lilla, ‘ There are thousands now
 Such women, but convention beats them down :
 It is but bringing up ; no more than that :
 You men have done it : how I hate you all !
 Ah ! were I something great ! I wish I were
 Some mighty poetess, I would shame you then,
 That love to keep us children ! O I wish
 That I were some great princess, I would build
 Far off from men a college like a man’s,
 And I would teach them all that men are taught ;
 We are twice as quick.’ ”

The dream has come true. Schools and colleges for girls are spread over the length and breadth of the land, and they compete successfully with the older foundations for boys and men, in equipping citizens for the service of the State. And again, as a century or more ago, it is the pressure of social circumstance which is compelling the multiplication

and variation of systems of education for girls. Economic necessity, a hard taskmaster, is supplementing the altruistic and feminist impulses of the mid-Victorian era, and that education, which ease of circumstance, an heritage of culture, or purely philanthropic motives might have hedged about to be the prerogative and privilege of the few, is in a fair way to become the portion of the many, and the inalienable right of all. Not by any means because the many desire to learn, have schools been provided for all and sundry, but because the State has become aware that ignorance is a menace to its existence and security, and because production, on which the material welfare of the State depends, stands in a quite definite ratio to the trained ability of the worker. It does not follow that a desire to eat meat need remain the most efficient incentive to mental activity. "*L'appetit vient en mangeant*," and not a few of our scholars learn to love learning for other than utilitarian motives, though the necessity for earning a livelihood may first have driven them to their work.

The history of the good school yet remains to be written. It would probably be dull reading, for happy is the school that, in a sense, has no history.

The history of the really good school would doubtless be deficient in those dramatic crises and catastrophes, which make descriptions of school life in contemporary fiction such appetising fare for the ignorant and prurient, and such a nauseating diet for those who know. Yet it is safe to say that for one reader who has learnt to cherish the figure of Egeria in her Utopian school, as depicted by Mr. Edmond Holmes in his book *What Is and What Might Be*, thousands have read and accepted as true to life the situation and personalities that occur in such books as *The Regiment of Women*, Mr. Wells' *Peter and Joan*, Mr. Walpole's *Mr. Perrin and Mr. Traill*, or *The Loom of Youth*. We should be foolish indeed if the deliberate caricature and irresponsible persiflage in which books of the kind abound conveyed no lesson to us who are entrenched behind a stout rampart of good

intention and conscious rectitude and a willingness to make haste slowly. From the pages of *Punch* much good and sound history may be learned, and those engaged in education would do well to read the writing on the wall in contemporary satire of school life, even if the finger writing be not that of a god. Such schools as St. George's and Highmorton, in *Joan and Peter*, do exist. Clare Hartell, the vampire, who sucks the blood of colleague and pupil in that odious but clever book *The Regiment of Women*, is not an impossible character, though few of us may be familiar with so perfect a light. The sufferings of girls or boys in schools are not in limbo, though they no longer take the form of forty stripes save one, and the twig and handcuffs which once hung conveniently on the schoolroom wall have found a permanent nail in museums.

If Miss Pinkerton's Academy and Low Wood are to be accepted as historical examples of schools in the last century, it will be hard to rule out entirely as untrustworthy witnesses to contemporary custom such seminaries of learn-

ing as form the educational background of *Joan and Peter* or *The Regiment of Women*. These sketches contain at least that grain of truth which irritates us into resentment. Were they not even potentially true, we should find them neither insulting nor amusing.

My endeavour to sketch in brief outline the history of girls' education up-to-date as depicted in books, leaves me with what should be only half my task completed. But you do not really want me to supply you with an exhaustive list of all the agencies available in the present day for the education of girls. Why should I bore you with details as to State-aided and non-State-aided schools, private schools, day schools, boarding-schools? They are all only varieties of a type, and the essential feature of the type is the aggregation, or, if you like, the segregation, in one common centre, of girls collected for purposes of instruction, from many different homes. They are the antithesis of the school at home, in which all the pupils were members of the same family in charge of a governess. I say "were," for except in the

case of young children and very special circumstances, this home school has become extinct. The governess, poor soul, as she lived in the pages of the *Quarterly* of 1848, has gone "to her long, last home." The school has come to stay for girls of all classes as well as for boys, and parents have to accept the fact. Economic conditions and social changes, of which we are perhaps rather the victims than the creators, are determining the future of our girls. Their sense of citizenship, in a larger corporation than the family, is going to be developed in them from their earliest years in that microcosm of the State, the school.

I do not want to talk about the subjects a school should teach. Once more, teachers and taught are rather victims of a system than free agents. The State, or, in other words, considerations of public utility, seems to dictate the choice and relative proportion of the various subjects taught. A multiplicity of mechanical tests, miscalled examinations, externally applied, prove or disprove the efficiency of our seminaries. We turn out year by year a

certain number of hall-marked and standardised members of society, and look to them, if not to keep the torch of learning alight, at least in their turn to produce a succeeding generation of efficient women. When I survey the field of women's and girls' education, and pass in friendly exchange of educational or personal courtesies from one famous school or college to another, I glow with pride at the perfection of our methods, the generally high standard of achievement, the unflagging energy of teachers and taught, to what seems the duty of the day and hour. I do not even note in the best schools of the day that absence of an appreciation of the æsthetic side of education, with which critics of the Public School and advocates of home-training twit us. Music and Drawing and Handcrafts, and the cultivation generally of a sense of the beautiful in Literature and Art, seem to supplement in pleasing fashion the technicalities of the Science Laboratories and the comparative aridity of Elementary Mathematics. If those of us who, deeply dyed in the sins of our age and generation, leave classical

delights and live laborious days to build such monuments of virtue and instruction as the average girls' school of to-day cannot look upon our work and pronounce it good, we may at least, in the parlance of the young, fairly call it "Not half bad."

I would leave it at that, and with a pat on the back for myself and my colleagues descend from the rostrum. But I remind myself that I am addressing a society of parents banded together for purposes of mutual support and instruction in educational matters, a community, I take it, who realise that their educational responsibility for their children has not ceased because, perforce, they have sent them to school. And so I venture to mention one or two respects in which I think a more widely spread consciousness of parental responsibility would tend to supplement the shortcomings of even the good school.

For instance, the school cannot do for the child that which the home ought to do. The home and the school are not mutually exclusive agencies for the training of the young. If one

side of a girl's education cannot be profitably developed at school, it is equally certain that another side of it cannot be developed at all anywhere than at home.

· If the school seems to oust the home in the affection of the girl, the home is generally to blame. If a mother competes unsuccessfully with a high school mistress for the affection of her daughter, and that is the petty tragedy generally enacted on the pages of books hostile to modern girls' education, I venture to think that nine times out of ten it is the mother's fault. Louise Denny's pitiful suicide in *The Regiment of Women* is laid at the door of two of her schoolmistresses, but were it worth your while to read the passage with care, you would realise that the blame for it rested fairly on the shoulders of her family. Every young thing will crave and exact sympathy, and if the person whose natural function it is to sympathise will not, or cannot, cultivate the power, the young will seek elsewhere for what they should find at home. The mother who sends her girl to school in order that she herself, like

Nora in *The Doll's House*, may have leisure to cultivate herself—nowadays she generally wants to do what is called public service—is properly rewarded by finding that the girl has learned at school to do without her. You cannot, by paying fees to a school, rid yourself of your responsibility for your children, though the good boarding-school has made it easy for some people to think that shelving of parental responsibility possible.

On the other hand, if you do send your daughter to school, back the school authorities. Do not criticise in the presence of your children those to whom you have entrusted them at the most impressionable period of their lives, and who, at their worst, are pitifully fallible, like yourselves! “Perhaps the problem of making the teacher of youth an inspiring figure is an insoluble one,” says Mr. Wells. But you need not make it more insoluble by depriving teachers of such small halo of glory and dignity as their office lends them. If the Miss Murgatroyds of this world do see themselves as a “richly robed, creative prophetess among the

clustering and adoring young," it is but for a brief moment that they thus strut across the stage.

I am going a step further; do not entrust your girls to women with whom you have no intellectual sympathy or spiritual affinity. You must be willing and able to live on terms of sympathetic friendship with the woman who is to act as your deputy with regard to the instruction of your children. It is your business to choose a school not because people call it good, nor because its examination results prove its efficiency, nor because it is conveniently near or within your means, but because the spirit of the school—and every good school has its own spirit—appeals to yours, because you share the faith it professes, and which becomes incarnate in those who direct it.

Thomas Arnold was a great schoolmaster, but his influence on Arthur Hugh Clough is said to have been disastrous. The Shelleys of this world can find understanding somewhere, but perhaps not at Eton. Schools are plentiful nowadays, comparatively speaking. Take the

trouble to find the right one for your child, and, having found it, back it and foster it for your child's sake. If anything is going to stem the infection of Bolshevism that bids fair to poison the whole of our civilisation, it must be the worship of the ideal in some form or other. If your child's instinctive piety finds something worthy of worship in the little gods of her school life do not shatter her faith by a peevish insistence on the idol's feet of clay, but give thanks that the habit of reverence and worship, even if it be but for a school, is laying the foundation for an idealism which alone can transmute the dust of life into gold and make it seem worth while, nay, good to be alive.

I must come to an end. The danger inherent in our modern life, and consequently in the life of our schools, seems to be the danger of a blind faith in mechanical efficiency. We are machine-ridden, as Samuel Butler long ago foresaw that we should be. We have won or lost a great war largely by machinery. If anything suffices to restrain the nations of the world from making another Great War, it will be

less the spiritual conceptions of a League of Nations than dread of what the ever-developing machinery of war may inflict on a worn world. Witness Lord Moulton's Rede Lecture on Science and War.

As regards education, we are building houses and providing playing-fields and baths and gymnasia; we are teaching and training teachers, and supervising and inspecting them, and paying them better salaries and promising them pensions; feeding and clothing a number of the children to be educated. It is all necessary and all very good, but it is the mere machinery of education, and none of these things will either create the good teacher nor inspire the child. At best they can *subsidise* the real thing. If it still remains true, as I think it does, that the "externalism of the West, the prevalent tendency to pay undue regard to outward and visible results, and to neglect what is inward and vital, is the source of most of the defects that vitiate education in this country," then it is true of girls' schools also, and it is more disastrous there even than in boys'

schools. For if we are to differentiate in any degree between the functions of men and women, we should certainly assign to women, if not the ecclesiastical and dogmatic expression of spiritual truth, yet that nurture of the soul which instinctively appraises the relative values of the real and the ideal, which is the outcome of a faith that we do not live in any adequate sense upon bread alone.

It has taken many centuries to prove that girls deserve and desire thorough instruction in all branches of human knowledge within the present reach of man, that there is no just reason for excluding them from the practice of any profession worthy of a human being's interest and devotion. I hope those who devote themselves especially to the education of girls will see to it that in the getting of knowledge, girls shall not be suffered to neglect the pursuit of wisdom, for that, "she sitteth by the Throne of God."

IV

LITERARY ASPIRATIONS AND THE CLAIMS OF PROFESSIONAL LIFE

I BELIEVE that I have the honour of addressing a society formed for the purpose of encouraging Research amongst Women Graduates, and more especially amongst those who are also engaged in professional pursuits. Such are, no doubt, popularly apt to accept the daily round and common task as their appointed lot in life, and to desist, as if from forbidden fruit, from those intellectual pursuits which were at one time their pride and joy; they are peculiarly liable to allow what Emerson calls "the diffidence of mankind in the soul to creep over their minds, thereby becoming indisposed to innovation, and learning to prefer any usage, any living production of ease and profit to the unproductive service of thought." Doubtless, there are many such in the ranks of wage-earning, educated women, but if I should

venture to exhort these to a more wholesome conduct of life, should I not fairly lay myself open to the retort : " Physician, heal thyself ! " ? The truth is that I am unworthy of the honour you have done me in asking me to address you to-night. My right to express an opinion on the value, ideal and real, social and personal, of an intellectual life led outside and above the pressing duties of the actual professional life rests on a slight foundation. I can hardly hope to serve as a living proof of the gospel I desire to preach. Hampered my life, indeed, has been, to some extent, by the necessity for earning my living, yet the conditions of my professional life have been favourable and kindly as compared with those of many others. Nevertheless, what have I to show more than they in the way of achievement? The ear of corn I may claim to have contributed to the harvest of human knowledge is, alack ! very thin. Yet of aspiration, rather than achievement, I may, perhaps, be allowed to speak, and after all you are familiar with the prophet who preaches what he does not practise.

What I would like to attempt is to supply an answer to the question, How can a woman combine due attention to the detailed duties of her profession with some satisfaction of her impulse to contribute her share, though it be but a small one, to the world's stock of knowledge? How, though she may not add to the number of books the world would not willingly let die, is she yet to have her day and generation by one or the other piece of work meant for a larger circle than her classroom or her schoolroom? How, at least "soul-hydroptic with a sacred thirst," slake her own craving at the flagon of knowledge while feeding babes with milk? My title has too exclusive a literary flavour, due, in part, to my limited experience of any but literary work, in part to my inability to handle the English language. You must stretch the epithet "literary" to include both belles-lettres and the results of scientific investigation expressed in the written language, if you would grasp my purpose.

It is one of the stock arguments against the assumption of intellectual equality between

men and women that women's contribution to original thought has hitherto been comparatively slight, that the quantity, if not the quality, of her literary original work has, so far, been inferior to that produced by men. This may well be the case without being a valid argument in favour of either man's superiority over women or the advisability of the renunciation by women of a quest, the difficulty of which we all acknowledge. We have to take into consideration not the gross total of man's output as compared with woman, but the proportion of each having due regard to the length of time woman has had approximately the same educational advantages as man. After all, most men who have enjoyed a University education, like most women, use their degree for purely professional purposes, and are at no expense to stifle their literary ambitions, since none such stir them. It would be difficult of proof that, *ceteris paribus*, women have paid less of their debt to the world of letters than men, though, personally, I believe it to be a fact; but why, in any case, debate so futile a question? The

point is, not whether man has, so far, done more than woman, or woman than man, but whether the professional woman is doing, or beginning to do, her fair share, and whether the circumstances of her professional life are such as to encourage her to persevere.

It is, I fancy, true that the majority of women who take degrees at our Universities are destined for definite professional work. The proportion of those who, having taken a degree, can, if they wish, lead lives of leisure, subject only to social claims upon their time, is not large anywhere—I speak subject to correction—it is probably largest at one or other of the older Universities, and I would be the last to depreciate the value of an academic training even regarded solely as preparation for social life. But, with these favoured members of our sex, if favoured they be, we are at the moment not concerned. We are dealing with the woman who, having taken her degree, joins the ranks of wage-earners. Is she fulfilling her destiny if she succeeds in maintaining her efficiency as a wage-earner? Has she discharged her obliga-

tions to her sex and to the future of women, if she fulfils adequately the duties of her office? What is even more important, has she done the best she can for herself by limiting herself to the daily round and common task? In many cases the answer must surely be "Yes." Some women, like some men, have done all that they ought to attempt if, having fitted themselves, say, for the practice of medicine or the education of children, they devote themselves wholeheartedly and exclusively to the prescription of suitable pills and the scrupulous correction of exercise-books. The world would be a poor place, and our progress towards civilisation slower even than it is now, if some of us were not content to ask for no great thing to do. It is well to realise one's limitations. Not out of every block can you hew an Apollo. I have had many hard-working pupils, and I know many valuable assistant-mistresses whom it would be sin as well as folly to urge to more strenuous use of their leisure in the shape of literary or scientific research, with a view, perhaps, to ultimate publication of the results of their

investigations. The human brain is a physical organ like the hand or the foot, and though exercise may be good for it, it is liable to overstrain, and the more mediocre one's mental equipment is, the less desirable is it to put any undue pressure upon one's powers of thought. Just as by taking thought one cannot add one cubit to one's physical stature, so one cannot compel a weak or limited or even an average brain to achieve the task possible for the talented or highly gifted. Some, most of us, I am sure, were meant to be merely receptive; even that is something, and we should be content to know the power to create, dare I say the passion to create, in the possession of the elect. I wonder, indeed, almost, whether there is any real justification for drawing this distinction between the receptive and the creative powers. Are they not at bottom, only different grades of the same force? Might one not almost say that "great genial power consists in not being original at all, in being altogether receptive, in letting the world do all, and suffering the spirit of the hour to pass unobstructed through the

mind . . .?" Perhaps if we should meet Shakespeare we should not be conscious of any steep inferiority; no, but of a great equality—only he possessed a strange skill of using, of classifying his facts, which we lacked. For, notwithstanding our utter incapacity to produce anything like *Hamlet* and *Othello*, see the perfect reception this wit and immense knowledge of life and liquid eloquence find in us all.

The danger with women is, I am sure, less that of rushing in where angels fear to tread, of attempting things too high for them as a sort of meek acquiescence in imaginary incapacity. For one woman who eats out her soul in vain striving after the elucidation of some obscure mystery of science, who burns the midnight oil in the pursuit of $\sigma\tau\iota$ and $\sigma\upsilon\nu$ * hoping to enrich the world by a profounder knowledge of Greek particles, for one woman who knows that she has power beyond those of her fellows and is determined to stake all in using them, how many do we find who

* "Therefore and because."

hug the chains of their limiting circumstance, or achieve canonisation of a futile sort by deliberately foregoing the joys of original work, and waste their possibilities in that carpet-dusting which, though a pretty trade, is not the imperative duty after all.

I knew, in an academical club, a person who always deferred to me, who, seeing my whim for writing, fancied that my experiences had been somewhat superior; whilst I saw that his experiences were as good as mine. Give them to me, and I would make the same use of them. He held the old, beholds the new; I had the habit of tacking together the old and the new, which he did not use to exercise. The habit of tacking together the old and the new, how many women have it?

Women's chief defect in the conduct of life I take to be a deficient sense of proportion. The immediate looms larger in a woman's eyes than the more remote; for the sake of what appears to be the urgent duty of the moment, the more distant, yet, perhaps, infinitely more important, call of the future tends to remain

unheeded. We have, in short, so thoroughly learned to call drudgery blessed that we doubt our own morality in beatifying higher aims. Yet I am convinced that we truly serve our own day and generation only when we devote to it that service which our special gifts may have fitted us to render, not when we are content, after the exercise of much self-denial, amounting to the torture of self-crucifixion, to render to it such service as a dozen others might render equally well : you may be hiding your talent in a napkin, though every moment of a busy day be spent in laborious efforts to do your duty. The circumstances of your life may compel you to a certain routine of daily toil in return for a certain modicum of daily bread, but even of a schoolmistress it was surely written that "man does not live by bread alone," and I doubt whether it is really mental inability, so much as a mistaken sense of duty, a misconception of values, which bids many a woman of more than ordinary gifts waste her "else all too crowded hours" in the trivialities of trade disguised as moral obligations :

“ Because a man has a shop to mind
In time and place, since flesh must live,
Needs spirit lack all life behind,
All stray thought, fancies fugitive,
All loves, except what trade can give?

I want to know a butcher paints,
A baker rhymes for his pursuit,
Candlestick-maker much acquaints
His soul with song, or haply mute,
Blows out his brains upon the flute !

But shop each day, and all day long !
Friend, your good angel slept, your star
Suffered eclipse, fate did you wrong !
From where these sorts of treasure are,
There should our hearts be—Christ how far !”

Yet many a professional woman's life—to our shame be it spoken—is shop all day and all night long. Few men would, for the sake of their profession, cut themselves off from the practice of letters, or music, or politics, or whatever form their particular talent may take. Lord Morley has held the highest offices in the State, the duties of which may cause to fade into insignificance the labours of even a school-mistress, yet he is pre-eminent as a writer of English prose. Mr. Birrell has strewn the

thorny paths of office with *obiter dicta* to the delight and profit of the world; Matthew Arnold was a school inspector as well as a man of letters; Charles Lamb penned the *Essays of Elia* when the quill-driving at the India House was over for the day.

The adjustment of the practical business of professional life to the claims of a woman's more original powers is, indeed, no easy matter, yet the solution of this problem would do much towards the solution of what for want of a better term I call the social problem of the professional woman. Why is it nine times out of ten more amusing and interesting to meet a man of good education and of a certain professional standing, say, at dinner, than it is to meet a woman of equal qualifications? Why does a professional woman of, say, forty-five or so often appear old and worn beyond her years? Why does the world at large still expect the professional woman to be a frump? In part, because for reasons yet to be touched upon, she lacks the time and the money to make and keep herself externally attractive—

butterfly's wings are rarely worn with blue stockings—in part, because her sense of proportion being defective, she underrates the æsthetic values in comparison with moral worth, very largely, however, because she neglects to refresh herself with great thoughts, because she leads a sort of cage-bird life, accounting that to leap from perch to perch is act and joy enough for any bird, because she has lost her soul in a mistaken striving to fulfil the duties of her office. Yet what are you profited, what is the world profited, if it be true: “Thou hast a name that thou livest and art dead”? Yet in this sense many very active women are dead, intellectually dead. They have been willing, alas! from the highest motives, to sacrifice their intellectual interests, their hobbies, their right to a reasonable amount of leisure, to the exigencies of their “shop,” and what they fondly term their self-denial should more truly be called their self-betrayal. They pay the penalty of treachery in their narrowness of outlook, their petrified emotions, their want of hope, their dull acquiescence in

a life of drudgery, of which their jaded appearance is the outward and visible sign. Far be it from me to preach the doctrine of self-development at all costs. There is a divine command of self-denial which it is fatal, as well as criminal, to disregard, but I cannot believe in a doctrine which appears to inculcate that the more you quench your aspirations the higher will be the life you lead, the more you are content to narrow down your sphere, the wider and deeper will be the profit to your circle. On the contrary, the power to live the fullest, widest life will alone satisfy our modern needs.

There are, I grant, difficulties in the way. Let me take the minor difficulties first. What about the obvious actual difficulty of want of time? There are about twelve hours in the day, and "I have no time" is a perpetually recurring refrain on the lips of many a busy woman. And, indeed, the days do seem too short for all we try to cram into them. But are we quite sure that the stuff we try to make them carry is worth the carrying? How often have I written reports for my young friends to the effect that they are

not making the best possible use of their time, but might not a similar report be written by a higher power on me? What do I do with my leisure? Do I not spend some time on gossip which is far removed from being conversation? Do I not succumb to an armchair and a novel when the paper on my desk is still blank? Do I not serve on a dozen committees which will never contribute even an inch to the progress of the world? Do I not do my duty in a thousand bustling, trifling ways, paying tithes of mint and annis and cummin, and neglecting the weightier matters of the law? I do not want to advocate a restless activity which shall deny to our after all but human bodies the right to even one idle half-hour in the day. Nay, I rather want to enforce the duty of making time for many pleasant recreative occupations which in our misconception of what constitutes duty we have suffered to be crowded out of our lives. We ought to have time to sit down and think, to have a hobby, nay, even to write a book, if heaven have granted us the pen of a ready writer. We are not, be it conceded,

entirely our own mistresses in this respect. The question of want of leisure is complicated by the question of want of means which I am reserving for later discussion. Our employers have not yet grasped the importance of allowing us a fairly large margin of leisure if we are to remain efficient in our working hours, but neither have we yet learned the art of adjusting wisely the claims of our professional life to the equal claims of intellectual and spiritual independence. We are like the girl student in *The New Machiavelli*:

“She worried her work, she gave herself no leisure to see it as a whole, she felt herself making no headway, and she cut her games and exercise in order to increase her hours of toil, and worked into the night. She carried a knack of laborious thoroughness into the blind alleys and inessentials of her subject.”

Do none of these traits in the unsuccessful, ineffective, conscientious plodder recall our own attitude towards our professional work, and explain, in part at least, our almost total ineffectiveness outside of it?

There is, further, the vexed question of women's health. We are told that women cannot stand more than a certain amount of strain. But, then, neither can men. And I believe, though I speak subject to correction, that what is commonly called nervous breakdown is rarely, if ever, due to work done under reasonable conditions, which I take to be proper food, a proper amount of sleep and fresh air, and last, but not least, a proper amount of pleasure in the work itself. It is the work which does not please you, which gives you no mental satisfaction, which is not congenial, which, in common parlance, worries you, which will make you break down. Your health will not suffer, if you allow yourself the treat, the self-indulgence of an hour or two a week, if it cannot be an hour or two a day, of the sort of work your soul delights in. Joy and health go together. It is the woman who starves her soul whose body will rebel. Nothing that I really like doing will hurt me. Correcting exercise books at the rate of several hundred a week may stultify your mind and inflict irreparable

injury upon your body, but learning a new language for the sheer pleasure of it, or trying to read the latest book on your subject, or adding line upon line to the offspring of your fancy, will not. You will by these means be building a little inn of your own where you may take your ease. It is the want of a vision, more even than the want of bread, which causes the people to perish; the soul singing at a work apart behind the wall of sense will keep the body fresh and young.

I do not seriously believe that these two giants in our path, want of time and want of health, are insuperable, but I do believe with a sad, strong conviction in the strength—must I say the invulnerability of two others?—which for lack of better names I dub want of means and want of atmosphere. In one of the most pathetic books I have ever read, *The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft*, by the late George Gissing, there occurs the following passage :

“ Poverty is of course a relative thing; the term has reference, above all, to one’s standing as an intellectual being. If I am to believe the

newspapers, there are title-bearing men and women in England who, had they an assured income of five-and-twenty shillings a week, would have no right to call themselves poor, for their intellectual needs are those of a stable-boy or a scullery-wench. Give me the same income and I can live, but I am poor indeed. You tell me that money cannot buy the things most precious. Your commonplace proves that you have never known the lack of it. When I think of all the barrenness that has been wrought in my life for want of a few pounds more per annum than I was able to earn, I stand aghast at Money's significance!"

It is a cruel thing to realise that a certain degree of culture, a certain standard of intellectual attainment and output, is dependent, we may as well say absolutely dependent, on the possession of a certain amount of money. Yet professional women as a class are poor. Very, very few are above the necessity of providing by their labours for the common necessities of life, very, very few can ever hope to do much more than earn enough for their immediate bodily wants while laying by a scanty stock for a frugal old age. Education is considered

cheap nowadays, and so it is up to a certain point, but so far as women are concerned, the supplies are cut off at the very moment when they are most needed. How much money is even now available for women's post-graduate work? How many fellowships are tenable by women? How many Travelling Bursaries are available for giving women a chance of seeing something of the world and enlarging their horizon before they settle down to the daily routine of paid employment? Or how many governing bodies can afford, or do afford, to give their women a sabbatical year or term from time to time? So that they who are for ever giving out may have an occasional chance of taking in? How many books, intrinsically valuable books, I mean, is it possible to buy out of the margin of a salary of £120 a year? Those who live in large towns or University cities are better off in this respect. They may have a good library at their very door, but in the country or small town there are no such resources. A free library in a small town is a great boon to the average citizen, but it will

not offer much help to the young assistant-mistress intent on doing ever so tiny a piece of work for the health of her soul and the good of mankind. A subscription to the London Library will cost £3 3s. a year. I had taught and worked many a year before that luxury came within my reach. Yet books are the indispensable tools of culture, and a library is the pasture of research. It is only the chosen few among women who can seek their inspiration in travel, wandering at their own will in search of fresh fields and pastures new. Women whose circumstances compel them to accept paid work will rarely, if ever, find it possible to save enough to undertake a *Studentenreise* even within a limited range. The paid posts for men which guarantee not only the means of livelihood and a certain amount of leisure, but also the means to make a profitable use of the leisure, are not numerous, I doubt whether they exist for women. One of the chief aims of the newly started Federation of University Women is to provide Fellowships for Women Graduates capable of good Research Work,

and, in the interests of learning as well as the interests of women, we must all hope that this side of its activity may be developed successfully. In the meantime, those of us who have it in our power should make a really determined effort to raise the standard of wages for professional women. It is still as a rule too low, particularly for teachers in schools. Even a term's illness may mean practical bankruptcy, and at least a temporary recourse to the kindness of friends. Under such conditions where is the mind at leisure from itself? which condition alone can provoke a soil for literary production. No doubt many great works have been produced in garrets by starving authors. Genius will out, but we are not dealing with the genius, but with the average hardworking woman who for her soul and body's health requires some freedom from sordid cares, and an occupation for her leisure which will uplift her above the routine of her taskwork and give her a share in the mental and spiritual advancement of the race.

Yet the greatest hindrance of all in the pur-

suit of learning for its own sake is neither want of time, nor indifferent health, nor lack of means, but what for inability to coin a better phrase I must call want of atmosphere. It is the friction of mind against mind which produces the intellectual spark; it is the give and take of conversation on a certain plane which starts the train of thought that may lead to a valuable discovery, it is the unconscious suggestion of an understanding friend which impels the diffident to risk a new hypothesis, it is the consciousness of fellowship in a commonwealth of minds which impels one not to betray by slackness or absorption in pettiness, or love of material ease, the solemn trust of keeping the torch of learning alight. But of what nature are, as a matter of fact, the actual social surroundings of many well-educated working women? Would it be going too far to call them uninspiring? A rude awakening for our sometimes brilliant college girls often begins the moment they leave their academic surroundings and return to the matter-of-fact atmosphere of their homes, or if they are for-

tunate in having a cultured home, their first professional expedition into the world will teach them how little stimulus they must expect from their surroundings. At college, people were so interested in things. It was always easy to get up a debate, or start a long, friendly argument on any engrossing topic. But in the world of everyday life people seem to have no opinions of their own, no acts of their own. If, after the tactless manner of youth, the young working woman attempts to air her views in spite of the chilliness of the atmosphere, she will meet with disapproval or misunderstanding. The world seems asleep, or, at best, absorbed in things that do not matter. The women, more especially those who have led sheltered lives, are liable to show themselves almost hostile to any exuberance of aspiration in their younger academically trained sisters, any departure from the accepted, any loftiness of aim which may clash with maxims of expediency. Not everywhere in our islands can we hope to find a society of cultured men and women in which ideas are current and per-

ception is quick, and even where such society exists, the very people who would most enjoy it, and most benefit by it, may be debarred access to it by their want of means and their want of leisure. Yet it is only the very unusual character, the more than unusual mind, which can create its own atmosphere and live superior to its environment. For the rest of us the circumstances of our lives become tyrants and masters :

“ Not that which full of life, instinct with power,
 Makes known its present being, that is not
 The true, the perilously formidable.
 O no ! it is the common, the quite common,
 The thing of an eternal yesterday,
 Which ever was, and evermore returns,
 Sterling to-morrow, for to-day 'twas sterling.
 For of the wholly common is man made
 And custom is his nurse ! ”

Things are mending. The aim with which Miss Emily Davies founded my own Alma Mater—namely, that it should act as a gradual leaven on the women of the upper and middle classes, is beginning to tell. At first sight her theory—I hope I do not misrepresent it—that

the chief function of a woman's college is the more general diffusion of knowledge and culture rather than the training of the more exceptional minds in scholarship, seems to militate against the achievement of distinction, but as I grow older and see more of the world, I realise the importance of background in a picture. The ablest can never stand out; even great personalities can never emerge into prominence except from a suitably prepared background. The appreciation, at any rate the power of appreciation, of the many is required for the distinction of the few; if all women were educated, the spirit of the age would demand and obtain for the genius of women the special privileges its development demands. In proportion as women are educated, they will themselves assure to their specially gifted sisters the atmosphere which will breed increased intellectual activity; in proportion as culture is diffused, we shall be able to claim as a right the leisure and the means which will enable us not only to be wage-earners, but artists and creators. It is, after all, a stride to have achieved some

measure of economic independence and the means to maintain it will follow some day. But in the meantime most of us know what it is to live in an atmosphere which is chilly without being bracing.

What gain is there to be for all our labour under the sun? Said the preacher: "I saw that wisdom excelleth folly, as far as light excelleth darkness . . . nevertheless, as it happeneth to the fool, so it happeneth to the wise, even to me; why was I then more wise?"

Why should we add to the daily labour of our task-work the burden of literary or scientific ambition? Why scorn delights and live laborious days for the sake of what must remain at best a minute contribution to the sum total of human knowledge? Why not obey the Irishman's very sensible injunction, "If you can't be aisy, be as aisy as you can!"? Why, indeed, but because there is something in us that compels us. Because we needs must love the highest when we see it. Because having ourselves reaped what others have sown, we feel impelled to sow a little, too, that others may

reap where we have sown. We owe a debt, and we want to pay it. We want to create a little of the atmosphere in which some day women more favoured than ourselves may thrive.

In doing so, we shall get more than we give. I am the least of all the apostles, yet I dare to say that some of the purest, most unalloyed pleasure I have tasted in life has been derived from such small pieces of literary work as I have been able to produce. It is the divine in us which bids us behold the work of our hands and call it good. Our work, or shall I call it our pastime, will leave us little leisure for what I regard as woman's besetting sin—namely, pettiness. Half the troubles of life are due to our being narrow and small—personal and petty. You must fill up the corners of your life somehow—if not with great interests and worthy aims, then with personalities and fuss. "Save me," cries a recent author, in a rare brief moment of prayer, "save me from self-complacency and little interests and little successes and the life that passes like the shadow of a dream." You will grow acclimatised to the

atmosphere I have just described as so chilling and repressing, unless you take special precautions against it. "Rub your battered lamp and light the young!" The fog of suburbia and the country town will all too soon choke and poison you unless you take steps to preserve an open outlook and an accessibility to new ideas. You will not feel lonely even if you are an assistant-mistress living alone in rooms, if you keep on friendly terms with the great minds of the past, and aspire to equal intercourse with the great minds of the present. You will be free from the degradation of boredom so long as you keep up your interest in things that matter. Boredom is the inevitable result of preoccupation with the unessential. You cannot really for any length of time feel satisfied with an infinite deal of nothing. Further, the progress of women must depend upon the progress of the individual woman. You can only further the advance of women by furthering yourself. Your growth is the necessary antecedent for the growth of another. Your failure the stumbling-block in someone else's path. If you are

content to be less than you might be, someone else will lack the incentive to become the best she was meant to be. If you wilfully narrow your experience of life, you rob another of her chance of expansion. Professional women do not yet, I think, live as full a life as the corresponding grades of professional men, but many of them might if they would, and many of us should ask ourselves whether we have really done all that we ought to do when we have proved ourselves efficient administrators, intelligent physicians, conscientious teachers. It is not that we do not work hard enough, but that we work on lines that are too narrow and limited, that we value practical ability too highly in proportion to independent thought, that for reasons of expediency we distrust originality and underrate intellectual integrity, and forget that "duty in the abstract is that which we ought not to do." It is quite certain that we as professional women have not done our duty in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call us unless we have not only kept "our feet low and our foreheads high,"

but remembered that "we hold a promise for the race that was not at our rising, and to advance is now a sovereign need."

"So push you out of harbour in small craft,
With little seamanship; and comes a gale,
The world will laugh, the world has often laughed,
Lady, to see how bold when skies are blue,
When black winds churn the deep how panic-pale,
How swift to the old nest fly you!

Yes, but

What thinks your friend, kind sir? We have escaped
But partly, that half-tamed wild beast's paw
Where-under woman, the weak thing that shaped:
Men too have known the cramping enemy
In grim brute force, whom force of brain shall awe:
Him, our deliverer, await we!"

Force of brain, not physical force, must ultimately rule the world. Woman herself has perhaps hitherto not realised how great a share in that rule is allotted to her, if only she will make good her claim to it.

"Our modern world is burthened with its sense of the immense, now half inarticulate significance of women."

Effectiveness of utterance will grow as the conviction of the message entrusted to her

deepens. We forget that we are "made up of potencies," and we have been too ready in the past to do the thing we can. "Perhaps a woman's soul aspires and not creates." But aspiration may lead to creation, and, anyway, humility is only good when pride is impossible.

"Assured of worthiness we do not dread
Competitors; we rather give them hail
And greeting in the lists where we may fail:
Must, if we bear an aim beyond the head!
My betters are my masters: purely fed
By their sustainment I likewise shall scale
Some rocky steps between the mount and vale;
Meanwhile the mark I have and I will wed,
So that I draw the breath of finer air,
Station is nought, nor footways laurel-strewn,
Nor rivals tightly belted for the race.
Good speed to them! My place is here or there;
My pride is that among them I have place:
And thus I keep this instrument in tune."

V

THE CULT OF INCOMPETENCY

LET me confess from the outset that I have borrowed and translated my title. A title, as all makers of books know, is a valuable asset; a title may make or mar the fortune of any book; a title is no less valuable an asset in so ephemeral a creation as a paper. A taking title sets the mind of the audience a-jogging, it pricks and stimulates the sluggish brain of the writer. The poem called the "Ancient Mariner" would not have taken so well if it had been called the "Old Sailor." A good title should aim at making what follows as far as possible superfluous to those who know anything of the subject. I consider that I have got a good title. If it conveys any meaning at all to you it must be that. I wish to assert that we are cultivators of the incompetent; that we are breeding a race unequal to its functions in life, and engaged in thrusting the unfit into power. The title is

borrowed from a book by M. Emile Faguet, a member of the French Academy, and by inference a distinguished man of letters. Indeed, he is a Professor of Literature, and his chief fame is as a writer on literary subjects. But every now and again he turns from the beaten track of literature proper to studies in contemporary morals and manners, and two such studies from his pen appeared not long ago, the one entitled *Le Culte de l'Incompétence*, and the other, the sequel, called *L'Horreur des Responsabilités* (the Dread of Responsibility), the latter being the necessary consequence of the former. He who is incompetent must, in sheer self-defence, shirk responsibility. These books of Faguet deal almost exclusively with the conditions of affairs in France. He writes from an anti-democratic point of view—all competency being aristocratic—the competents are the aristocrats of society, an aristocracy of merit in whatever department of life is the necessary condition of all progress. He traces his idea through the history of the political development of France, he

applies his theory to present-day political and social conditions, and he comes to the conclusion that under a democratic régime, in which the will of the people must prevail, incompetency will prevail. The people desire above all that men should be equal, consequently they desire that all inequalities should disappear, whether they be artificial or natural. The people would abolish all artificial inequalities such as advantages of birth, or station, or wealth. But neither would they tolerate, could they help it, natural inequalities; they cannot bear to see one man more able, more intelligent, more active than another. Since these natural inequalities cannot be removed, they must at least be neutralised; therefore a process of levelling down is to be set in motion which will tend to the elimination of the competent, ostensibly not because they are competent, but merely because they are unequal, being indeed head and shoulders above their peers. And he quotes in support of his own conclusion Aristotle's dictum that democracy is a condition in which merit is despised.

He goes further and traces the cult of incompetency in other departments of life. It is like a grease-spot, he says, which spreads and spreads, and naturally affects manners and customs in general. It affects, for instance, the laws ruling social life. The increased facilities for divorce seem to him a striking illustration of this truth. He sees it in the lack of respect and obedience in family relationships. Parents treat their children as their equals, and, vice versa, the children have equality with their parents. Young men claim the privileges of age, and age masquerades as youth in the hope of conciliating youth and escaping condemnation as antiquated and behind the times. Thrasybulus, tyrant of Miletus, asked counsel of Periander, one of the seven sages of Greece and tyrant of Corinth, as to the best system of government. Periander did not answer, but, passing a scythe over a field of wheat, levelled it by mowing down the ears which projected above the rest. The respect for old age is anti-democratic. It is a respect for tradition. Tradition is a respect of the living for the dead.

When old age is respected it is honour paid to that which being on the verge of death is already on the verge of becoming tradition. Further if the cult of incompetency has adversely affected the life of the family, it has had an almost equally grave reaction on manners in general. It is a common complaint that good manners are on the wane. If we ask why, we are told that we live in a democratic age. Why, however, should democracy tend to the effacement of courtesy? The answer must be that courtesy is a subtle means of showing respect to one's neighbour, and it implies also a certain desire on one's own part to be respected. The famous Abbé Barthélemy once said: "Amongst the foremost citizens there prevailed that good breeding which is a mark of self-respect and courtesy, which implies a respect for others." And Pascal meant the same thing when he said: "*Le respect est incommodez-vous.*" But courtesy is not merely a mark of respect; it is a token of willingness to serve. If you inconvenience yourself for the sake of your neighbour in trifling matters, how

much more may you not be prepared to do for him in affairs of importance? One of the most characteristic marks of the progress of democracy in France seems to Faguet to be the decadence of good manners amongst a people at one time proverbial for them.

In professional life the effects of this disastrous cult are not less marked. M. Faguet sees them in the administration of the law, in education, in the Church. It shows itself, though disguised in a sort of mock-modesty, in an unwillingness to believe in one's own competency and thereby to evade responsibility for independent action. It shows itself in the mistaken but widely spread notion that *savoir-faire* is greater than knowledge, that practical ability is more valuable than intellectual power.

VI

SOME FRENCH SALONS OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

THE phase of literary and social life, of which I propose to give you a brief, and I fear, a very inadequate sketch, is in its most salient features an almost exclusively French phenomenon. Other currents in social and literary life tend to be more or less cosmopolitan: for instance, the religious movement covered by the term "Modernism," the Romantic movement, the various theories comprehended in the word "socialism," all tend to run in more or less parallel streams, or to operate simultaneously as apparently independent originating forces, so that a social or literary development in one European country will have its counterpart or its descendant in another.

I know, however, of no country but France in which gatherings of an avowedly social character, under the "regiment of women,"

exercised for so considerable a period a determining influence upon manners and customs and upon language as an instrument of polite social intercourse and literary expression. The English Euphuists paid homage to the literary taste of the other sex. The Countess of Pembroke is answerable for much that is of permanent value as well as of more that is of merely ephemeral interest; Pope had his Lady Mary Wortley Montague, as Johnson his Mrs. Thrale, the Goethes and the Shelleys, not to mention inferior stars, have owned their inspiration to be derived from women, young and fair, or old and ugly; the influence of women upon politics is perhaps too delicate a subject to be touched upon at this moment, but France is the home of the social coterie in which women as such, women in their corporate capacity, rather than by virtue of some individual charm, determined the tone of masculine society and fixed the canons of good taste.

We fail to understand the meaning and the influence of the French Salon if we regard it

in the main as a centre of literary *productivity*. We shall have something to say about it from that point of view later on; in the meantime we must try to grasp its significance as a manifestation of social life. Historically, the period we are considering embraces the lives of Richelieu and Mazarin. When, in 1610, Henry IV. perished by the hand of an assassin, France had just emerged from a long internal struggle, political in character, though misnamed religious. The elements of dissension and strife had, it is true, not been entirely quelled by the enactments of the Edict of Nantes, but, at any rate, internal peace was sufficiently secured for France to think of engaging in a European policy, the objective of which was nothing less than the destruction of the over-reaching ambition of the House of Hapsburg. But so vigorous a foreign policy was out of the question on the accession of Louis XIII., a minor under the tutelage of his mother, and energies forbidden to find scope abroad ran to seed at home. Sedition and privy conspiracy were the order of the day when in 1616 Richelieu re-

sumed the reins of government, and they continued to convulse France throughout the years of his rule, in spite of the fact that circumstances allowed him by degrees to carry out some portions at least of the foreign policy of Henry IV.

In matters of public order and security, public morality, and public justice, the régime of Richelieu had nothing of which to boast. The unrest and discord bequeathed by him to his successor found their most significant domestic expression in the wars of the Fronde. Foreign complications, and they were not few, were less disastrous to the social welfare of France than the increasing continuance of internecine strife. Peace and leisure devoid of licence were not to be found in camp or court, and many of the finer spirits of the age turned with disgust from life in a world which has become notorious in the pages of Tallemant and Retz, St. Simon and Brienne. From the vice, the profligacy, the intrigue, and the scandalmongering, the convent offered one way of escape. But the religious habit and the veil

are not *l'affaire de tout le monde*, and it was reserved for Madame de Rambouillet to devise for the great world a more acceptable issue from the vulgarity of life at court.

By birth, and on her mother's side, an Italian, Catherine de Vivonne married, at the age of twelve, the Marquis de Rambouillet. Born and bred in Italy, she seems to have acquired instinctively a taste for refinement and gallantry, such as were the theme of famous Italian romances and pastoral plays. In the pages of Sannazaro's *Arcadia*, and Tasso's *Aminta*, or Guarini's *Pastor Fido*, she may have followed the stately measures, the dainty mincing steps of courtiers masquerading as shepherds. Far removed from the plains where shepherds and their lassies tended sheep and played at love were the slippery floors of the French court. Disgusted with a world so different from the fancy of a poet's dreams, Mme. de Rambouillet withdrew from court and began life anew in her Hôtel of the rue St. Thomas-du-Louvre. Here, surrounded by a circle of like-minded friends, she might devote

herself to the cultivation of the amenities of social life, here pass a virtuous and intellectual existence, here assume unmolested the dignity of an uncrowned queen, here love and be loved with all the delicacy, the dainty refinement, the aloofness of the silk-clad shepherds and shepherdesses of romance. Being, however, nothing if not eminently practical, in spite of her flights of fancy, she was at pains, before bidding guests to her feast of reason, to transform her somewhat ordinary residence into a palace of pleasure.

The chronicles of the day record the amazement of the polite world when admitted to such splendour. Long flights of rooms opening one out of the other, windows reaching to the floor and affording views of gardens laid out with consummate taste, above all, the famous "Salon bleu" hung with blue, embroidered in gold and silver, whereas the only colours hitherto used in domestic decoration were red and tan. This famous Salon, by the way, was nothing more nor less than the bedchamber of the hostess, for drawing-rooms in our sense

were not yet *à la mode*, and the bed was the seat of honour, whence, as from a throne, the hostess dispensed patronage.

It is probable that the publication in 1610, or earlier, of a famous novel, the *Astrée* of Honoré d'Urfé, influenced to some considerable extent Mme. de Rambouillet's philosophy and choice of life, certainly it reacted powerfully on many of her circle. It is a pastoral romance of prohibitive length, to wit, 5,500 pages. The hero is a shepherd—how otherwise be an “honnête homme”?—and the subject of the story the “divers effets de l'honnête amitié.” The plot recalls in some measure that of Ben Jonson's *Sad Shepherd*, but, of course, there is a terrible sameness about all pastoral literature. Here we have several narrow escapes from drowning, numerous nymphs, a magic fountain, with reminiscences of *Endymion*, endless misunderstandings, much true and much sham love-making, and all ends happily. We see people of the world and of good society living by choice the simple life under the rule of Amasis the queen, the

serenity of their existence untroubled save by the passion of love. But that indeed works havoc, and the code of love drawn up by Céladon, the hero, for the observance of all true lovers, might prove a strain upon the most sincere affection. The gist of the whole matter is the absolute abnegation of all the rights of man, the proclamation of the absolute rights of woman. No one ventured to dispute her authority.

Astrée became the idol, not only of women of society, but of men of distinction in the most varied professions. "The memory of it is a sweet perfume," wrote Evêque de Belley. St François de Sales and Bossuet revelled in it, Corneille and Racine borrowed passages from it. In Germany an "Academy of True Lovers" was founded, consisting of princes and princesses who had assumed the names of Urfé's characters, and knew the first three parts of the book, about 2,500 pages, off by heart.

How and where live such an ideal life? Ay, there's the rub! Certainly not at court, where

love is a degraded and sensual passion, but perchance in the salon of some high-born dame who may teach that love is a spiritual ecstasy, a purging and refining flame, and that the votaries of love must pass through a long novitiate before they can be counted worthy of admission to the sacred mysteries. The Hôtel de Rambouillet fulfilled other functions also, but it acquired fame, and throve above all as a school for loves. Love-making was an art and a graceful accomplishment; success, achievement, was on the knees of the gods, the true lover knew not only how to wait, but how to play a losing game.

The most famous example of the test to which the patience of an ardent lover might be put is afforded by the courtship of the Marquis de Montausier of Mme. de Rambouillet's daughter Julie. Indeed it would be hard to find anywhere a more illuminating instance of the tactics of a "belle dame sans merci." Originally, Julie d'Angennes, who for twenty years was one of the most striking figures in the Salon bleu, had appeared destined for

Montausier's elder brother, but the latter having perished in one of the Italian campaigns, the future governor of the Dauphin inherited with his brother's rank and estates a claim to the hand of his lady. Julie, however, an ardent practitioner of the rules of the game played in the *Pays du Tendre*, of which more anon, led Montausier a ten years' pilgrimage from one station of the tender passion to another, before she finally consented to abandon her independence. This famous courtship gave rise to the equally famous *Guirlande de Julie*. The Marquis de Montausier, anxious to commend himself to his disdainful fair, on the occasion of her twenty-ninth birthday, collected twenty-nine madrigals and short poems, chiefly by himself, and presented them to her bound sumptuously in red morocco, decorated with her initials in silver. The frontispiece of the volume is a garland, with the legend, "La Guirlande de Julie." On the first page a zephyr is depicted holding a rose in his right hand, and in the left a garland of flowers, twenty-nine in number, which he is wafting like

kisses to the earth. Then follow twenty-nine pages, on each of which a flower painted by Robert, the most distinguished artist of the day, and a poem under a title corresponding to the flower, and dedicated to Julie, all of them in the handwriting of Garrey, the famous calligraphist. The collection possesses no literary merit, but it is a unique illustration of the habits and customs of the day, and it renders almost incredible the undoubted fact that Julie remained merciless for other four years.

The poetry with which Montausier sought to woo and win Julie may, however, serve yet another purpose. It may help to impress upon our minds the fact that, with one exception to be noted later, the literary output of the Salon was great neither in quantity nor in quality. Society verse at its best was, as a rule, only ephemeral in interest, even when handled by a poet capable of greater themes. But society was tortured by pedestrian artists, dealing exclusively with the charms of women, and an imaginary passion is apt to bore readers less

susceptible of feminine beauty and less limited in affection than were the courtiers of these French courts of love.

Yet the Hôtel de Rambouillet was more than a nursery of elegant trifling. It was a home of real culture, a centre of the reaction resulting inevitably from the long continuance of civil unrest, the moral decadence, and the social brutality, which, dating from the time of Henry IV., persisted practically through the whole of the seventeenth century. The company that followed Mme. de Rambouillet in her retreat from court and gathered round her in her famous Salon bleu were in part at any rate inspired by very serious interests. These gatherings were a most deliberate as well as a very new feature in the social life of France. The habitués were persons of either sex, they met at regular intervals, the company was practically the same on all occasions, as a special introduction was required for admission. The avowed object of meeting was the pursuit of pleasure, but pleasure of an wholly intellectual order, such as may be derived from

the contact of mind with mind, stimulated to an elegant and charming rivalry of intellectual intercourse in conversation. The art of conversation was born in the Salon of Arthénice, as Mme. de Rambouillet was called. In France it may perhaps still live, in this country it surely died long ago. Our idea of conversation is not inaptly satirised in one of the most recent of London plays. "Conversation," says one of the characters, "then became general. I talked, and everybody listened."

Not so in the Hôtel Rambouillet. The great conversationalist was not he who egotistically held the floor, but he whose flow of wit, whose delicacy of repartee, whose veiled allusions and gallant compliment struck responsive flashes of intellectual sympathy and appreciation from his companions. The intricacies and niceties of a fencing-match were required in an ably sustained conversation.

Some time elapsed before the language in which the conversation was carried on attained the polish and suppleness which modern French possesses. Malherbe was the first to

perceive the need for a purification and unification of the French language, and his somewhat uncouth attempts to polish a clumsy tool were ably seconded by the frequenters of the Hôtel de Rambouillet. The Académie, whose avowed function it was to purify and embellish the literary language of France, may not have been formally instituted within the precincts of the Salon bleu; it probably owed its real origin, like the Hôtel de Rambouillet itself, to an indefinable something in the air, a sort of instinct and intuition common to the majority of the cultured people of the day. The part Richelieu played in its foundation is merely that of a would-be beneficent despot. He simply gave official rank and standing to an already existing institution, and it is at least open to question whether the first promoters were grateful to him for an official and officious act which savoured strongly of interference. Certain it is that the Immortals owed more to the frequenters of Mme. de Rambouillet's Salon than to the Cardinal or the Parlement of Paris. Questions raised at the formal meetings

of the society were thrashed out in the Salon bleu between savants and men of the world, and the pedantry of men of learning was, happily for the French language, tempered by what Vaugelas calls "le bel usage." Maybe a question of correct pronunciation arises: should one say "serge" or "sarge"? Mme. de Rambouillet at first preferred "sarge," but changed her mind and decided in favour of "serge," and her opinion has become the rule. Should one say "'homme" or "homme"? The latter pronunciation, sanctioned by the blue-stockings of the day, still persists. The Academy, officially ordered to do so, issued its condemnatory critique of the *Cid*, but the Hôtel de Rambouillet, bold enough to have and to assert an opinion of its own, refused to burn what it had once worshipped.

The influence of the *Précieuses* was also all-powerful with regard to one definite form of literature—namely, the novel. We have seen that, in a sense, the movement itself originated from and was fostered by a novel. In its turn it became an important nursery of this form of

literary art. Our chief source of information as to these circles is to be derived from novels written by members of the same, and there are in addition the most valuable historical records of the social life of the century. Time would fail us to discuss these works in detail : we will select one or two by a woman who, after being a distinguished member of the Hôtel de Rambouillet, became, in her turn, the hostess of a circle differing somewhat in tone and character from the aristocratic assembly of the rue St. Thomas-du-Louvre, yet still far removed from the caricatures of the movement satirised by the Abbé de Pure and by Molière. I refer to Mlle. de Scudéry and her novels, *Le Grand Cyrus* and *Clélie*.

Madeleine de Scudéry deserves recognition as one of the most characteristic figures of the century. Born in 1608, and dying in 1701, she knew her time at its best as well as at its worst. Educated with care and trained from her earliest years in the belles-lettres of all modern European languages, she was well fitted to occupy a prominent position in the literary

society of the day, and she became a universal favourite by reason of her wit and her amiability. Much of her work was done in collaboration with her brother, Georges de Scudéry; indeed, her most famous books, *Le Grand Cyrus* and *Clélie*, were printed under his name. It is probable that Georges de Scudéry, who had some powers of invention, did plan the framework of the tales and imagine the adventures, and that upon this somewhat mediocre background Madeleine de Scudéry painted her portraits and projected her psychological analysis of character, her letters, and her admirable conversation.

Le Grand Cyrus is a thinly veiled allegory of the persons and events of the world in which Mlle. de Scudéry moved. She describes with, shall I say, a little of the reverence felt in the presence of one's betters, the doings of the great. Thus we learn from the *Cyrus* that Cléomire, in other words Mme. de Rambouillet, was beauty incarnate. Her charm throws that of Venus in the shade, for Venus lacked modesty; on the brow of Pallas sat dis-

dain, but Cléomire has a smile for all; Diana was a wood-nymph bold, Cléomire's manners are beyond reproof, yet her virtue and her goodness are a more enduring claim to fame, and her power of evoking love is divine. In similar language Julie de Rambouillet is described. Le Grand Cyrus or Artamène, the hero of the novel, is the great Condé as Mlle. de Scudéry knew him during the Fronde about 1652. His impressive beauty, especially in the moment of danger, is painted in a manner recalling that of Bossuet in the *Oraison funèbre du grand Condé*. His chivalrous bearing, his gallantry, his susceptibility as described by Mlle. de Scudéry, are probably reminiscences of his courtship of Mlle. de Vigueau, an affair which was public property for years. Mme. de Longuéville, Condé's sister, who took so prominent and disastrous a part in the Fronde, and ended her days at Port Royal, appears as Mandane; Angélique Paulet, whose beauty had stirred the heart of Henry IV., appears as Elise; Montausier, the future husband of Julie, is Mégabate, governor of the province of

Phœnicia; Godeau, one of the originators of the Academy, known at the Hôtel de Rambouillet as one of the most devoted and acceptable adherents of Julie, nicknamed, indeed, "le nain de Julie," an inferior poet and most erudite scholar, is duly acknowledged as the "Mage de Sidon." Conrart, immortal as being the father of the Académie, is duly remembered under the name of Théodamas; his intimate friend Chapelain, whose merit it is to have determined the true function of the Académie by writing a grammar and planning the great Dictionary, is *Aristhée*; Pellison, the author of the *Histoire de l'Académie*, appears in the book as the acknowledged lover of Sappho, alias Mlle. de Scudéry, and in real life he was, as a matter of fact, a worshipper at her shrine, and the only one out of a large circle of admirers whose passion she seems to have reciprocated. We might multiply these instances indefinitely. Enough has, however, been said to prove what a valuable source of contemporary history is concealed in the romantic pages of *Le Grand Cyrus*.

After the marriage of Julie d'Angennes, and when the vicissitudes of the Fronde had scattered the guests of the Hôtel de Rambouillet, Mlle. de Scudéry herself became hostess and patroness in a literary circle, the so-called "Samedi." The gathering at the Hôtel de Rambouillet, aristocratic in inception, aristocratic in tone, was aristocratic and exclusive also in its aims and tendencies, despite the fact that from its earliest existence Mme. de Rambouillet was "grande dame" enough to include amongst her habitual guests cultured men of letters whom considerations of birth might have excluded. But in the neighbourhood of the Temple, in the humbler quarters of the rue de Beauce, Mlle. de Scudéry, intolerant of loneliness and isolation, gathered about her a society which was in the main of bourgeois origin, though not despised by some of the more distinguished friends whom she had met at the Hôtel de Rambouillet, amongst them the Marquis de Montausier and his wife, Mme. de Sablé, the Comtesse de Maure, and others of similar rank. These persons shed a

lustre of a kind over the somewhat mixed society which gathered round Sappho.

No authoress of the seventeenth century ever hesitated to paint her own portrait, and that in glowing colours, when circumstances permitted. So Mlle. de Scudéry draws no unpleasing picture of herself, though somewhat hampered by the fact that she was notorious for her plainness of feature, and by all the laws of the game, a heroine should be beautiful. However, luckily we have no authentic description of the real Sappho's personal appearance, and thus Mlle. de Scudéry was free to assume that what her prototype lacked in regularity and beauty of feature, she atoned for by charm of intellect, dignity of bearing, and social gifts. Moreover, a person of the literary fame of Sappho might dispense with other distinctions. The inference is obvious.

The "Samedis" of Mlle. de Scudéry have been by many severely judged, but the unfavourable criticisms levelled against them are ill-deserved, and due in the main to the unfortunate fact that they were widely imitated, and

that the imitation fell sufficiently short of the original to mark the setting in of decadence. Even the Hôtel de Rambouillet had found imitators: the Hôtel de Condé, the Salon of Mme. de Sablé in the Place Royale, later that of Mademoiselle* in the Luxembourg. Similarly, Mlle. de Scudéry's Salon had a large number of bourgeois imitators, always probably somewhat inferior in tone and somewhat lacking in distinction, but, at first, at any rate, useful centres of social refinement and culture, whilst naturally increasingly liable to deteriorate into extravagance and folly. The variety of the social elements included may even have tended to dispel a certain ennui which must surely at times have infected so august an assembly as that of the Hôtel de Rambouillet. We find the same grace in conversation, the same refinement in thought and feeling, in the later, as in the earlier gathering, the same respectful homage paid to women, the same striving after the "air galant!" Alas! that it should be so elusive a prize. "The 'air

* La Grande Mademoiselle.

galant,' '' says Mlle. de Scudéry, in the *Grand Cyrus*, "does not depend upon the possession of wit, judgment, or knowledge. It springs whence I know not, but certain I am that it is in part at least a natural gift. This natural gift must be cultivated by means of intercourse with society, with the great world, and the essential part of such intercourse is conversation, and that with women, for no man can acquire the 'air galant' who shuns the society of the other sex.'" Conversation was thus, even in this humbler circle, the chief distraction of the guests, conversation on the topics of the day, on the literary pursuits in which they were engaged. Sometimes, judging from contemporary accounts, these conversations were veritable flirting matches.

The imitators of Mme. de Rambouillet and of Mlle. de Scudéry lost sight by degrees of the original object for which these literary clubs and social gatherings were founded. At their best these circles had helped to refine the manners of society, they had been powerful agents in the development and purification of

the French language, they had produced innocuous draughts of the Pierian spring, they had greatly enlarged the scope of the novel. We need, however, only turn to a page in Lomaize, *Dictionnaire des Précieux*, or, in the Abbé de Pure's little-read romance, *La Précieuse*, to realise to what profundity of bathos a social convention may sink.

Bélisandre arrives from the provinces: he has heard of the charming circles in which women display their wit and men their manners. His most ardent desire is to be admitted to a gathering of the kind. A friend, the Abbé de Buisson, promises to effect an introduction on the morrow. By way of preparation Bélisandre spends a busy evening, reading novels, studying the most elegant mode of entering or leaving a room, practising polite phrases. Unwillingly he seeks a few hours' repose after having crimped and plaited his hair, perfumed himself with musk and civet, and put on gloves to preserve the whiteness of his hands. He falls asleep whilst rehearsing the conversation in which he hopes to

distinguish himself on the morrow. At dawn, a yet more complicated toilette. Finally a coach is called, and Bélisandre, the clerical friend, and country cousin betake themselves to call upon Cléogarite. She lives in the Marais. The street is crowded with carriages. The knocker on the door is muffled, so that conversation may not be disturbed. On entering, they find the Précieuse, Cléogarite, in bed on a platform separated from the rest of the room by a balustrade. The room is crowded with visitors seated in the "ruelle," the tables covered with new books. All eyes are fixed on the newcomers. Bélisandre, embarrassed for a moment, quickly regains his presence of mind. As a stranger, he is permitted to kiss the cheek of Cléogarite, and then, following the example of others, retires to sit on a cloak at the feet of a lady. Conversation begins again at once. "Why did you not come to see us yesterday?" asks Cléogarite of Brundessier. "I went to see Altiénodore," is the reply. "Had she many visitors?" "A good many." "Indeed, who?" The conversation soon deteriorates into the

most vulgar gossip. It rises to somewhat higher flights when M. de M. offers to read his *Reflections on the Cross*, Alcyon being unable to oblige with a sonnet. M. de M. fears that the subject may not be sufficiently melancholy to interest his audience, but reassured on this point, and encouraged by the most extravagant compliments, he reads until the hour of the midday meal gives the signal for separation. It is agreed that next day's meeting shall be at the house of Claristhène, and that the subject for discussion shall be the reform of French orthography; the day after, at Emilie's, *Œdipus*, a play modelled on a Greek original is to be criticised, on another early date a crest for the Community of the *Précieuses* is to be designed. This was as a matter of fact done, and the younger *Précieuses* wore their armorial bearings suspended round their necks in the form of a pendant.

It is these so-called "Fausses *Précieuses*," whom Molière attacks and satirises in his *Précieuses ridicules*, and his *Femmes Savantes*, not the frequenters of the Hotel de Ram-

bouillet or of the Samedi. The Marquise de Rambouillet lived until the end of 1665, and died almost in the odour of sanctity. The famous Julie, by that time Duchesse de Montausier, was governess of the Children of France. Condé, one of the avowed protectors of Molière, his sister, Mme. de Longueville, Mme. de Sablé, Mme. de Sévigné, not to mention Bossuet, would have warmly defended the honour of the Salon bleu, had Molière, even in 1673, ventured to impugn it. Nor is it likely that his darts were aimed at Mlle. de Scudéry. She, herself, had satirised so delicately and so deliciously the aberrations of the genre which she helped to create that Molière's efforts to foster the real by exposing the sham must have been welcome to her. Moreover, in the *Précieuse* of the Abbé de Pure, probably the immediate source of the Molière plays, Mlle. de Scudéry is singled out for special encomium.

Nevertheless, even Mlle. de Scudéry in a sense marked the beginning of the end. Her earlier novel, *Le Grand Cyrus*, which appeared at intervals between 1648 and 1654, reflects

the movement in its heyday; a later novel, *Clélie* (1654-1660), proves that it was dying of its own excess. The *dramatis personæ* are much the same as in *Le Grand Cyrus*, though they are less accurately drawn and less capable of identification. One feature of the book is, however, worthy of mention, both as a literary curiosity and as a sign of the times. Love being, as in the *Grand Cyrus*, the force that makes the world go round, it is again the pivot on which the story turns. But it is no longer an elegant and dignified passion, or rather no longer a dignified immolation of self on an altar genteelly cold or politely warm, but a weak and maudlin sentiment, to be cultivated by means of a sort of amatory geography illustrated by a map of the *Pays du Tendre*. This map indicates the most convenient routes from "Nouvelle Amitié" to "Tendre," the goal of all true lovers. Three roads lie open to enterprising youth: one, which only the talented should essay, leads past "Grand Esprit," "Jolis vers," "Billet galant," "Billet doux," "Sincérité," "Probité," "Réspect," and

“Bonté” to the Desired Land. Other aspirants, less intellectually gifted, need travel via such stations as “Complaisance,” “Soumission,” “Petits Soins,” “Grands Soins,” and so on *ad infinitum*. When a social convention had been thus reduced to an absurdity, when false ideas of passion and sentiment masquerading in silken slippers on roads not marked on maps of common sense, became a menace to the well-being of the community, Molière stepped in and sent Chatos and Madelan, Bélise and Philaminte, back to a saner conception of the functions of woman in society.

It needs a touch of the Meredithian Comic Spirit for a full appreciation of the Salons of the seventeenth century. They were the product of “a society of cultivated men and women . . . in which ideas were current and perceptions quick,” in which women were on a footing of equality with, perhaps superiority to, men, dupes, hypocrites, posturers, extravagants, pedants, rose-pink ladies, and mad grammarians, sonneteering marquises, high-flying mistresses, inter-threading in a loom.

Smile as I look at them I may, nay, must, or “write me down an ass,” for their appeal was to the intellect, and at least a moderate degree of the intellectual activity underlying a smile is required in response. But the smile must not break out into the laughter of scorn and derision, nor harden into the scowl of a moralist’s contempt. These men and women of the seventeenth century must not be judged by the standard of the recluse nor subjected to the jeer of the rabble. We shall understand them only in so far as we are capable of conceding that it is natural for men and women to live together in society, that the similarity of experience thus acquired will produce a similarity of mind, and that mind hovering above congregated men and women is a force not trivial in its nature, even when dealing with matters of apparently little moment.

PART II

VII

REAL RECONSTRUCTION

“For which of you, desiring to building a tower, doth not first sit down and count the cost, whether he hath wherewith to complete it?”—LUKE xiv. 28.

I SPENT a fortnight of my summer holiday in Oxford, at a University Extension Meeting, the subject of which was advertised as the problems of Reconstruction after the War. A great many different sorts of people were gathered together at that meeting: parsons, schoolmasters, but more especially, schoolmistresses, clerks, manufacturers, artisans, social workers, and some few who had probably no particular profession at all. They were all, however, animated by one common desire—namely, the desire to learn how to make things better after the war than they had been before; to learn how to reconstruct, or rebuild anew, the big things in life, the things that really matter, which the war has taught us to see are

not all they should be, are, indeed, very far from what they should be.

None of the speakers could express their opinions with any sort of practical finality, for the very good reason that none of us can know the conditions or foundations on which we shall have to build. The foundations of our future will depend, for instance, very largely on whether we win or lose in this war, and on the degree of our victory or of our defeat. Yet, in spite of this, shall I call it material or technical uncertainty, it was pretty plain that all the speakers were agreed on two points, and that very nearly all the audience shared that agreement.

Whether it was the future of the British Empire that a speaker sought to forecast, or whether it was the future of the Church, or the welfare of the young, or the difficulties of the working-classes, or the mutual relations of capital and labour, ever and always he or she would come back to these two points; and if you were to ask me to summarise for you the moral of their tale, it would be this: the crying

need of the world, our world, is now, and will be after the war, religion and education. If we are to reconstruct the world after the war we must have more religion and more education, and a better kind of both than we have been content with heretofore.

Superficially, at least, this demand may strike us as oddly unjustifiable. Have we not had a superfluity of both? Is not our country studded over with churches, and has not compulsory education for more than a generation been forced upon dunce and dullard, no less than upon the budding genius? Have not many parsons been prevented from joining the forces in the field, lest the religious needs of the people at home should be neglected, and has not teaching, in theory at any rate, been accounted national service of the first importance? Why, then, this perpetual reiteration of the urgent necessity for these two factors in our social life, if our civilisation is to be recreated or even preserved on its present level? Why this emphasis upon what purports to be apparently a new chance of salvation, and yet strikes

us perhaps as a boring and more than twice-told tale? Are we not religious, and have we not poured out money like water on what we thought was education? Have we done all those things which were commanded us, all that it was our duty to do, and do we yet remain unprofitable servants? What if we have failed to grasp the real nature of either religion or education, and consequently taught a spurious kind of both, and built upon a foundation of sand, which we fondly deemed was rock, and are consequently now bewildered and non-plussed when we see our house tottering on the brink of ruin, and threatening to fall as the rain descends, and the floods rise, and the winds beat upon it?

In listening to one speaker after another, it was difficult to resist the conclusion that such a misunderstanding, such a misapprehension of the true meaning of either religion or education does indeed lie at the root of the mischief rampant in the world, that if we want in very deed to become builders of a new world, fellow-workers in a more glorious society than that

which prevailed before the war, we shall have not so much to discard our ancient shibboleths, our time-worn creeds, our traditional educational theories, though many of them will inevitably be scrapped, as invest them with a new meaning, restate them in terms our age can understand, with a personal sincerity and a personal and enlightened conviction of their intrinsic and permanent values, such as must often have been lacking in the past. As one speaker said: "The average man has come to believe in a God of indolent, almost foolish, English good-nature; a God of no great importance in the practical affairs of life compared with, say, modern science, a God who is certainly not worth being converted to!"

But such a religion, if indeed it deserve the name at all, will never save the world. And an education which it has been possible to call a tragedy, on the plea that it has resulted in debased standards, contracted horizons, externalised aims, weakened will-power, lowered vitality, and distorted growth cannot at the same time be a means of grace.

If, nevertheless, we continue to maintain that religion and education must combine to bring about the salvation of the world, and if we are concerned to maintain it because we believe it, it is up to us to try to discover the true nature of real religion, and the true nature of real education, so that we may put both into practice and help thereby to save the world. The alternative is to let things be as they are and suffer the consequences, to abandon, that is, any hope of the foundation of a City of God and of our citizenship thereof. For the City of God as the seer saw it in his vision is not compatible with conditions as they prevail on earth, and whether we look for that city to appear as Utopia on earth or some far-off divine event, all modern thinking seems to move in the direction of emphasising the necessity for the co-operation of man in the evolution of the Divine purpose.

Let us ask ourselves, therefore, what sort of religion and what sort of education the world requires if its future is to be better than its past; if the war is not to have been in vain, if the

thousands who have laid down their lives that we might live are to see of the travail of their souls and be satisfied. They died, and that willingly, for our salvation. They have bequeathed to us the solemn obligation to work out that salvation. It is a tremendous burden, but also a tremendous privilege.

I feel almost presumptuous in even venturing to discuss so big a problem, in advocating so bold an adventure in this little circle of ours. We are so literally the two or three gathered together, in comparison with the larger world outside our walls. What do our opinions matter, and what can our puny efforts achieve? And yet, and yet. Are we not all of us here either teachers or taught? Is not education, the desire for it, or the wish to impart it, the link that binds us together? Have we not always stood for religious education, so far as we have penetrated into the meaning of the phrase, and are not our daily prayers in this place the symbol of our common faith?

Surely even we might claim the privilege of so revising and enlarging our conception of

vital religion and of sound education as to contribute something towards that reconstruction of which the world stands in such sore need. The topic is a vast one—it exceeds my powers of exposition and your powers of grasp. Yet let us try at least to fasten upon one aspect of it and to select if only one little point from which to start a fresh realisation of religion, and an enhanced appreciation of the nature of education.

We might, for instance, strive after greater reality in our personal religion; we might try to attach some meaning, intelligible to ourselves personally, to some of the religious phraseology we so habitually, often so thoughtlessly, use. We might determine to accept less on trust, and be more anxious to find out for ourselves. We might less frequently shun the pain of a new idea; we might be more willing to put a little more quite commonplace kindness into our everyday life, as at any rate partial evidence of our love towards our neighbour. We might try to practise a little self-denial in small things and a little courage in facing small

difficulties, while waiting for the convenient moment for the display of heroism in great things. We might try to teach as those who reverence childhood, and are the followers of Him who took little children into His arms and blessed them; we might learn as if we really believed in our school motto, *Ad Vitam*, and as if we acknowledged the obligation to love God with *our* minds as well as with our hearts. We might practise here those duties of the common life, that realisation of God as a factor in all our ways, which, if carried into effect, would transform the world outside these walls, and put an end for ever to class jealousy, and national jealousy, and labour unrest, and sectarian strife, and impurity and vice in thought and habit. Yes, we could do something if we were willing to try, to prove that we know the value of religion and of education, and were going to do our bit to help our generation to value them too.

There are many reasons why we have failed to do all we might have done in this respect. I will only mention two. We have *failed to*

make the mental effort our task requires, and we have *failed to use our imagination*—assuming that we have one. But it takes a good deal of hard thinking to be a good Christian or a good scholar, or a good citizen, and it requires a very real exercise of the imagination to see in the child the father of the man, or in our materially-minded, politics-ridden state a vision of the City of God that is to be. The religion that is going to save the world will have to be based on a knowledge of God and of man's relation to God won by hard toil, mental and spiritual :

“ Religion's all or nothing ; it's no mere smile
Of contentment, sigh of aspiration, sir——
No quality o' the finelier tempered clay
Like its whiteness, or its lightness ; rather stuff
O' the very stuff, life of life, and self of self.”

“ But,” said one of the speakers at the Oxford Conference, “ men and women do not take their religion as seriously as they take their golf.”

And the education the world requires is not merely an increase in knowledge, though,

indeed, there is room for plenty. Our lack of desirable, and even necessary, information is patent enough. But what we want first and foremost is a new attitude of mind, a new temper, a new sympathy based on knowledge—an atmosphere in which jealousy, class jealousy or personal jealousy, cannot thrive, in which the contempt for the spiritual, implied in our pursuit of the material, cannot thrive, in which we recognise new duties far beyond the circle of conventional obligations.

The many failures in this war—I may be pardoned if, for a moment, I ignore the successes—have been largely the result of culpable ignorance. The numerous blunders in connection with the supply of food, the unequal pressure of the Enlistment Acts, the scandals in connection with the Mesopotamia Campaign, the magnificent tragedy of the Dardanelles, the strikes that have gone far to endanger our chance of ultimate success—all are the result of ignorance, an ignorance of common geography, of elementary economical laws, of social and national temper. If the social revolution that

some of us anticipate with dread comes about, it will be the result not only of ignorance of facts with which we ought to have been familiar, but of a lack of imagination, an absence of a faculty of vision which prevents our seeing that humanity is a great army marching to the conquest of unknown lands, against enemies both strong and cunning, and that each unit in that army must contribute something to the common victory, or something to the common defeat.

It is your business, and mine, to learn and to teach others that religion and education are the weapons that will help us to win the victory, and that on the right appreciation of that fact hangs the future of the world.

Christianity, as someone has said, has not so much failed, as never been tried, and the education of our children has in large measure failed, we may confess to our shame, because their "exterior semblance doth belie their soul's immensity," and our purblind eyes have failed to see in them the image of God which it was our business to evoke.

VIII

THE HOLY SPIRIT

“Not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts.”—ZECH. iv. 6.

WE are approaching the season of Whitsuntide when by common consent the Christian Church celebrates the outpouring of the Holy Ghost upon the disciples at Jerusalem, waiting, by their Lord's command, to be endued with power for the fulfilment of their mission. In His last discourse to His disciples our Lord had repeatedly warned them of His impending departure, but each warning had been coupled with an assurance that they would not be left forlorn, that a Guide, a Helper would be sent to them, who though not visible to the eye of the body, would replace their absent Friend and Master, and perpetuate His relationship to them. In short, He promised those who had been His followers during His earthly career that they should become partakers of His Spirit,

and thereby His representatives and the propagators of His work on earth. "I am going to the Father, and I will ask the Father to give you another Helper to be with you for ever."

The possession or the lack of the spirit is to be henceforward the mark of discrimination between those who may partly claim to be His disciples and those who can bring forward no such plea: No man speaking by the Spirit of God calleth Jesus accursed; and no man can say that Jesus is the Lord, but by the Holy Ghost: "I will pray the Father and He shall give you another Comforter, even the Spirit of truth, whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth Him not, neither knoweth Him." "Now if any man hath not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His."

The doctrine of the indwelling Spirit, as of the Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world, has perhaps been one of the most neglected of all the doctrines of the Catholic Church. Certainly whatever we may say as to its philosophic elaboration, it is not

unfair to assert that the practical issues of so tremendous a conception as that of the Divine immanence in man has been fatally ignored by the bulk of professing Christians. It is not one of the least of the merits of that comparatively small body whom we know as Quakers, or the Society of Friends, that they have steadfastly clung to, and endeavoured to embody in their lives, their supreme conviction of the human being as the dwelling-place of the Spirit and the instrument of His activities. At times like those in which we, alas! live, I cannot help thinking that a genuine revival amongst us of such a real faith in the indwelling Spirit would lead to an effective warfare against materialism, or undaunted courage in the face of overwhelming difficulties, a faith in life as pre-eminently worth living, and an assurance of ultimate victory over the powers and forces of evil such as would irradiate the humblest calling, and magnify to infinity the importance of our most trivial duties.

“I can’t,” is a sin upon the lips of one who says, “I believe in the Holy Ghost.” Never-

theless, we go on asserting our belief in a source of Divine power, whilst reiterating our incapacity to use that power. The term spiritual is on the lips of even the man-in-the-street nowadays. We speak of the war as a conflict for spiritual issues, we chatter about the reconstruction of education on a spiritual foundation, we deplore the materialism of society and the lack of spiritual life in the Church, but how many of us really grasp, and are willing to face, the issues involved in the belief we profess, in theory at least, so sincerely. God will not make Himself manifest to cowards, yet I say with conviction that we are rarely bold enough to live up to our belief in the indwelling of the Spirit. "Not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts," and though History is behind the out-and-out Spiritualist, only a fraction of our numbers act in accordance with these words. "I count myself happy, King Agrippa," said St. Paul, "that I shall answer for myself this day touching the things whereof I am accused," and in a speech, the eloquence of

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which was the outcome of his desire to persuade his listeners to become such as he himself was, he proved to his adversaries that his manner of life was the result of his not having been "disobedient to the heavenly vision."

"Whoso has felt the Spirit of the Highest
Cannot confound nor doubt Him, nor deny
Yea with one voice, O world, tho' thou deniest,
Stand thou on that side, for on this am I."

Hardly more than a year ago a National Mission of Repentance and Hope was proclaimed for the revival of religion through the length and breadth of the land. Would it be harsh or untrue to say that for the most part it failed. If so, why?

We are on the eve of the introduction of a new Education Bill, and we are at the moment engaged in wrangling in our habitual manner over the details of the Bill. The Bill marks in many respects a tremendous advance on previous enactments. Will you agree with me if I say that it will nevertheless become so much wastepaper added to the bonfire of previous Bills, unless the spirit in which it is

administered and accepted is a spirit of wisdom and understanding and fear of the Lord?

There are conferences without number being held on the reunion of the Churches, the life and liberty of the Church, the best form of government for the Church. Is it not a fact that most of these would be superfluous, if the Church of the past had remembered, and the Church of the present were willing to acknowledge, that nothing could be ecclesiastically sound that was adverse to the spirit of Him who is Head of the Church.

Sin, and the disease that follows in its train, are slaying in thousands those whom the bullet and the bomb have spared; pestilence is of truth walking in darkness through the length and breadth of England's "green and pleasant land." Why? Save that as a nation and as individuals we do not believe, except as in theory, that the human body is the temple of the Holy Ghost?

The nation is at death-grips with a strong and relentless enemy, but faction, and political

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strife, and evil-speaking, and lying and slandering take no heed of a country's necessity, and rank and noxious weeds of party grow apace and threaten to strangle the national life. Has our nation no power to see the heavenly vision and no ear to listen to the still, small voice? The immortal story of the Creation represents the Spirit of God moving over the face of the waters when the earth was as yet void and without form. Have we lost the power to find the Spirit's viewless way in that vision of the divine kingdom by which alone the horoscope of the age can be read?

“Two worlds are ours; 'tis only sin
Forbids us to descry
The mighty Heaven and earth within
Plain as the sea and sky.”

“We are all discerners of spirits,” says Emerson. “The intercourse of society . . . is one wide judicial investigation of character. In full court, or in small committees, or confronted face to face, accuser and accused, we offer ourselves to be judged. That which we are we shall teach, not voluntarily, but involuntarily. . . . If man have not found his home

in God, his manners, his form of speech, the turn of his sentences, the build of all his opinions will involuntarily confess it, let him brave it out how he will. If he have found his centre, the Deity will shine through him, through all the disguises of ignorance, of ungenial temperament, of unfavourable circumstances."

Yes, it is true, we stand revealed to each other, you and I, whether we will or no. You know me, as certainly as I know you, and it is by the manifestation of the spirit that is in us that we reveal ourselves.

Only in the spirit did the Seer behold the vision of the Revelation of the City of God; only in the spirit did St. Paul behold a vision of those mysteries which it was not lawful for him to utter, but which his career as an apostle nevertheless betrayed; only in the spirit could Isaiah perceive the meaning of the vision which summoned him to his mission; only in the spirit can we, too, see a glimpse of His bright face and feel "through this fleshly dress bright shoots of everlastingness," and only in a vision once more reach that plain

“ From whence the enlightened spirit sees,
That shady City of palm-trees.”

What ails us all is not that we have never seen, but that we do not habitually act as if we were seeing. The sense of the Presence of God is not the all-pervading atmosphere of our lives, we do not dwell with Wisdom, nor do we watch daily at her gates, and at the posts of her doors. We have not heeded the counsel which, in that inimitable romance *John Inglesant*, the old schoolmaster gave to the pupil who came to him seeking advice for the conduct of life :

“ It seems to me more and more that the soul or spirit of every man in passing through life among familiar things is among supernatural things always. . . . Earth becomes to us if we thus think, nothing but the garden of the Lord, and every fellow-being we meet and see in it a beautiful and invited guest. If you can receive this mystery and go through the honourable path of life which lies before you, looking upon yourself as an immortal spirit walking among supernatural things . . . I think you may find the doctrine a light which will guide your feet in dark places . . . and lead you to the blessedness of the Beatific Vision of God—

the state of those who are pure in heart. . . . The more and the oftener we recognise the supernatural in our ordinary lives, and not only expect and find it in those rare and short moments of devotion and prayer, the more surely the rays of the Divine Light will shine through the dark glass of this outward form of life, and the more our own spirit will be enlightened and purified by it, until we come to that likeness to the Divine Nature and that purity of heart to which a share of the Beatific Vision is promised. Let us practise making this life spiritual."

Inspiration—a being possessed by the Spirit—is what the world has always wanted, what it so obviously and bitterly lacks to-day. What a different place even this school would be if we were actually, all of us, walking in the Spirit. There is an element of the incalculable in the spiritual life which gives the lie to all our prudential questionings and petty huckstering.

"If your eye is on the Eternal," says Emerson, "your intellect will grow and your opinions and actions will have a beauty which no learning or combined advantages of other men can rival. . . . Sudden and unforeseen

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help and continued encouragement are vouchsafed to the devout worker. For God is everywhere, having His will, and He cannot be baffled. . . . The man who works with Him is constantly assured of achievement."

I have wanted to put a tremendously serious and tremendously important view of life before you, and I have longed, I dare venture to say, for some measure of inspiration, some degree of personal conviction in my tone, that should inspire you to think the spiritual life worth living, and none other. I cannot venture to prescribe to you the lines on which you should follow the quest; the Spirit bloweth where it listeth, and you cannot tell whence it cometh, not whither it goeth, but we can all pray,

"Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire.
Enable with perpetual light
The dulness of our blinded sight.
Anoint and cheer our soiled face
With the abundance of Thy grace."

Nor can we imagine that such a prayer could remain unanswered. And I venture to hope

that you may find, as I have done in many times of trouble and distress and perplexity, a never-ceasing source of strength and consolation in the Collect for Whitsunday.

IX

DUTY

“And, behold, one came and said unto Him, Good Master, what good thing shall I do, that I may have eternal life?

“And He said unto him . . . if thou wilt enter into life, keep the commandments.”—MATT. xix. 16, 17.

IT is, I think, rather unusual to dwell upon those aspects of our Lord's life which present Him to us as the *Apostle of Duty*. We speak of Him gladly, and refer to Him often as the Saviour, the kindly understanding Friend of publicans and sinners, as the benevolent Protector of little children, as the considerate, affectionate Son of an earthly Mother, as a Man of Sorrows and acquainted with grief. We watch Him weeping by the tomb of Lazarus; we see Him suffering from fatigue, from hunger, as we do. He enjoys the sights and scenes of town and country; He is a shrewd observer of men and manners; He practises the social virtues of life; He attends a wedding and speaks parables concerning “feasts of fat

things''; He did not suffer His disciples to fast; He made light of many customs which His contemporaries considered not less binding than the law of Moses, such as ceremonial washings, strict Sabbath observance, intercourse with the defiled and the diseased. We like to remember Him as one who freed men from many burdens too grievous to be borne, who offered refreshment to the weary and heavy-laden if they would come to Him. In short, we magnify the kindly, the affectionate side of His nature at the expense of the sterner aspect of His character. Life is hard, and human sympathy and affection often fail us. This love of one who sticketh closer than a brother appeals to our natural craving for interest and sympathy; we know we are sinful, and we regret it, and the thought of a Saviour is soothing to our wounded feelings; we grow weary of the pedantic observance of "customs slowly hardening into precedent," and we are glad to shelter our impatience, our inability for self-denial in small matters, our revolt against conventionality behind the example of Him who

scorned the tithing of mint and cummin, and the washing of cups and platters, the ceremonies of the Synagogue, and the etiquette of the street.

Yet it may well be that, in doing so, we are unwittingly ignoring, not only one of the most stimulating and bracing, but one of the most vitally important aspects of our Lord's character. No character can possibly be perfect which is deficient in the sterner qualities. Our Lord was capable of righteous anger as well as of tender pity, of outspoken denunciation as well as of pleading affection. His utterances of woe were not less emphatic than His beatitudes. He said that a narrow way was the only way into His kingdom, and that it would need striving on our part if we were to enter in; above all things, He said that it was idle to pretend that we loved Him unless we kept His commandments. "He that keepeth My commandments, he it is that loveth Me"—"Not everyone that saith unto Me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of My Father."

Christ was, in a sense which we often ignore, the Apostle of Duty, and what I want to impress upon you to-day is the necessity of doing our duty if we really want to follow Him. We shall probably have no other means of proving our discipleship: this should be test enough. For it sounds so easy, and it is so difficult; it should be so pleasant, and it is often so disagreeable. We can rouse ourselves in rare hours of inspiration and enthusiasm to deeds relatively great; but have we got the moral fibre, the perseverance, the backbone, to stick to the daily round and common task until it is well and truly done? Do we really act on the belief that all work is religious, and that our religion will be shown by doing our work unselfishly and well for Christ's sake? Yet God's commandment for us is, without question, that we should do our duty in that state of life unto which it shall please Him to call us.

Christ Himself did it. He was subject unto His parents in the village home at Nazareth until His Father appointed other work for Him to do. When the time was come that He should

be received up, He set His face steadfastly to go to Jerusalem. "I have a baptism to be baptised with, and how am I straitened till it be accomplished?" said He. "Father, if Thou be willing, remove this cup from Me; nevertheless, not My will, but Thine, be done." And He did do His Father's will, even to dying upon the cross.

If the best definition we can give of the kingdom of heaven is that of a community in which everyone knows the will of God and does it, what have we said but that the kingdom of heaven is the community of those who do their duty? If we would enter in we must learn to do our duty. "He that into Christ's kingdom comes, must enter by His door." I grant you that it requires some effort of the imagination to connect the performance of such duties as will ordinarily fall to our lot with so sublime an aspiration as entrance into the kingdom of God. Our duties are, for the most part, of a somewhat prosy, commonplace, dull kind. They lack those elements of greatness which are in themselves an incentive.

When Nelson ran up a signal to say that "England expected every man to do his duty," every man did it, but then it is a grand thing to serve your country, perhaps even give your life for it. The Duke of Wellington did a noble duty so nobly that Tennyson composed an ode on him, the recurring refrain of which rings like music in our ears :

" Not once or twice in our fair island story
The path of duty was the way to glory."

But do *our* duty we will ; it is unlikely to lead to glory, and we grow weary in the doing of it, and we forget that—

" The work your hand findeth to do
Is the honour given to you."

Wordsworth invoked Duty as the stern daughter of the Voice of God, but our duty appears to us not in the garb of a goddess, but alas ! so often in the fustian of mere drudgery. What heroism is there in being punctual and orderly, what sublimity in really learning lessons and not merely spending an allotted time over them, what guarantee of future reward in learn-

ing and labouring truly to get our own living, what expectation of gratitude and appreciation, if we *are* true and just in all our dealings? The outlook seems a little dull. "The little that is done seems nothing when we look forward and see how much we have yet to do"; the wages of "going on" seem an unprofitable return for the best service of our life, we "look round, look up, and feel for a moment's space" as if "carpet-dusting, though a pretty trade, were not the imperative labour after all."

Yet, "who sweeps a room as in His sight makes that and the action fine," and the best perfection of a religious man is to do common things in a perfect manner. A constant fidelity in small things is a great and heroic virtue! The small duties of life are not necessarily trivial, and even the great are small measured with the measuring-rod of eternity. The great point, after all, is to do that duty which lies before us, not because we *want* to do it, not because we *like* to do it, not because we shall be punished if we do not, or rewarded if we do, but because we *ought*, because necessity is

laid upon us. It is a fine thing to do your duty because you feel you must, because some compelling force constrains you—a fine thing to thank God every morning when you get up that you have something to do that day which must be done whether you like it or not. It may be yet a finer thing to do it because you do like to do it. There is, I am sure, a stage in our moral development when we may truthfully say with the Psalmist, “Thy commandments are my delight,” but in the meantime, the motto, “Fais ce que tu dois, advienne que pourra” may serve. They were only common soldiers, and they only did their duty, which was to obey orders, those of whom it is said :

“Forward, the Light Brigade!
Was there a man dismayed?
Not tho’ the soldier knew
Someone had blundered.
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why
Theirs but to do and die :
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.”

“If thou wilt enter into life, keep the commandments.” Nothing else will avail : no

fervour of devotion, no ecstasy, no fine feelings, no good intentions. "To obey is better than sacrifice and to hearken than the fat of rams." There is nothing in the world that is harder than daily, hourly obedience to our common duties. "I do my duty, other things trouble me not": very few of us can say it. Conscientiousness is not a fashionable virtue; Casabianca on the burning deck almost provokes a smile. It is not impossible that when we have done our duty to the best of our ability, others less intent on duty, and therefore less capable of appreciating its claims, will call us prigs. But never mind. The habit of doing your duty will breed in you a hundred virtues which the idle never know. When the moment comes, as come it must to all of you, not once in life, but often, when things are all in a tangle and you seem beset behind and before, and can find no way out, then you can at least go on doing that duty which lies nearest, the which you know to be a duty, and the second duty will already have become clearer. Friends and comforts and riches and health may fail us, but

there will always be left to us the chance of doing what we ought to do. The will to do our duty need never fail us. "I can't" is a sin upon the lips of anyone who says: "I believe in the Holy Ghost." The only failure a man ought to fear is failure in cleaving to the purpose he sees to be best. Nothing is impossible to the man who can *will*. Is that necessary? That shall be.

We are about to celebrate Christmas, the festival of the coming of our Lord on earth, and the hymns and prayers we are using during the time of expectation and waiting all reflect in some measure our desire to be ready for our Lord when He shall come. We have prayed to have grace given us to cast away the works of darkness and to put upon us the armour of light; to-day we have prayed more especially that at His second coming to judge the world we may be found an acceptable people in His sight. But our acceptability will be determined by the deeds we have done and the deeds we have left undone, by the duties fulfilled and the duties left unfulfilled:

DUTY

“ So the book exactly worded
Wherein all hath been recorded
Thence shall judgment be awarded.
When the judge his seat attaineth
And each hidden deed arraigneth
Nothing unavenged remaineth.”

He that knew his Lord's will and did it not
shall be beaten with many stripes. “ If thou
wouldst enter into life, keep the command-
ments.”

X

EDUCATION

“ This one thing I do.”—PHIL. iii. 13.

FOR about sixty of you girls this is the first School Service in your new school. Last time* when we met together it was for about the same number of girls their last School Service, and I tried to impress upon those to whom I was saying good-bye in July that one of the most important duties awaiting them in life was to find out what things were really worth doing, and to do them. What interests and affections and ambitions were worth cultivating, and to cultivate them, and that it was not the quantity of business or pleasure that could be crammed into a day that mattered, nor the amount of money that could be earned, nor even the number of religious and philanthropic duties that could be shouldered, but the quality and character, the motives and objects of activity that made the differences between what was

* The sermon here referred to follows at p. 240.

desirable and what was undesirable in life, between what was worth doing and what was not worth doing.

And I reminded them of Mary, who did nothing apparently but sit at the feet of our Lord, who was praised for having chosen the good part, and Martha, who was excessively busy, but who was blamed for her bustling, kindly labours. One thing is needful, and it is quite possible to miss that one thing in comparison with which nothing else matters.

The words I have chosen for my text seem to imply much the same thing. "One thing I do," says the Apostle, "One thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." Earlier in the chapter he had expressed the same idea in other words: "I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord. I have suffered all things and do count them but dung, that I may win Christ." There is one thing,

and one thing only, that seems to the Apostle really important in life, and that is that he may prove himself a Christian, and he is determined to concentrate all his energies upon the realisation of that ambition. “*One thing I do*”; no matter what it cost, this one goal I will reach. To do so I must give up much, but it is worth while. All other things are at least comparatively worthless. I will devote my life to the attainment of the one thing that, in my opinion, really matters.

The Apostle’s attitude towards life is one that I wish to commend to all of you, but more especially to those of you who to-day are standing on the threshold of what is to you a new life: the life of school. It is a new and very busy and very engrossing life of many and varied interests into which you have been plunged. It is fair to say that it is more exciting and interesting, more strenuous and absorbing, than any sort of life which you have previously been leading. There are more people to know and more things to do, more games to play and more lessons to learn.

There is something of a delicious adventure into the unknown about it all. In such circumstances it is very hard to discover, to make up one's mind what are the things that are most worthy of our attention, which things it is safe to neglect, and which things must be done at all costs. Are the lessons the all-important things, or could it be that games deserve our greatest care? Should we try to make as many friends as possible, or should we limit ourselves to two or three chosen companions? What have we come to school for? To enjoy ourselves, or to work hard? To put in a few years in a nice, healthy place, or to prepare to take up a profession? What does it all mean? It is all very engrossing and, for the most part, very pleasant, or at least tolerably so, but it is also, to say the least, a little bewildering and confusing, a little muddling, and the best, so some of you may think, the average girl can contrive to do is to obey as many rules as she conveniently can, and learn as many lessons as seem prudent, and hope by luck to escape getting into trouble, and generally to muddle

through with a sufficient amount of credit and satisfaction.

But underneath all this bewildering process called school life there lies, if you could but realise it, as you will do some day, but *one* aim and object. Those who sent you here, and those who teach and try to mould you here, have at the back of their minds one intention, and one only, though the manifestations of that intention are naturally diverse, and that intention is to *educate* you. You are sent here for your education, or, in other words, you are sent here in order that by dint of teaching and preaching, by discipline of mind and body, by force of example and mutual influence, you may at length grow up into the best type of girl and woman that your natural equipment allows you to be. Your part of the process consists in allowing yourself to be educated, or, better still, in helping to educate yourself. For it is possible to resist the efforts of people to educate you: if you do so, you will most certainly be successful, for as the old proverb has it, "You may take a horse to the water,

but you cannot make him drink"; or you can endure what you cannot cure, and then contrive to pass through school, learning or profiting as little as possible, which will be most surely a sad waste of time and money; or you can put your whole heart and soul and mind into co-operating with your governors and teachers, pastors and masters, and all who are set in authority over you so that your education may be as complete and perfect in every respect as is possible. This attitude alone would make you worthy to say with the Apostle, "This one thing I do," and this attitude towards your life at school is the one I wish to commend to you. You have come here to be educated? Well, set yourselves with all your powers of will to be educated.

Education is, though you may not believe it, a very interesting subject. People seem to be talking very hard about education just now, though, as a matter of fact, as *Punch* reminded us not long ago, they have never really ceased talking about it at all. But at present everybody is so keen about education because in the

course of the war we have become aware of several, or perhaps, many, national weaknesses, and we say that our unsatisfactory system of education is to blame, and that we must change our methods quickly, or our Empire will cease to thrive, or may even collapse. That may be so; in large measure it probably is so, the mere discussion proves, however, one thing beyond dispute—namely, that all of us are agreed as to the essential importance of education. We should not quarrel so fiercely about a thing that mattered less. No one that is capable of thinking at all denies that on the education we give our children, and upon that almost exclusively, hangs the future of our race and State.

If we here fail to educate you now, we shall have failed to make our tale of the bricks which go to the building and maintenance of our Empire. The one thing *we* have got to do with the girls in the school is to educate them.

I cannot here very profitably discuss practical methods of education. That can be done more conveniently and efficiently by experts in meetings and books and pamphlets designed for the

purpose. But I should like to draw your attention to one or two principles that are bound to underlie any education worthy of the name. It is possible to dispute about the pronunciation of Latin or the relative values of Manual Training, Science, or Modern Languages as compared with the Classics, but there are certain bedrock principles in education about which I imagine no fundamental difference of opinion is possible, and without which education comes to be a house built upon sand. I select haphazard two or three.

First, any education is defective which fails to teach the individual to subordinate his personal claims to the interests of the community. There is much sense as well as much nonsense talked about the necessity for the development of the individual, the crime of repressing originality, and of reducing a variety of character to one dead level of uniformity. Apart from the practical difficulty of levelling such obstreperous material as average human nature, the folly of refusing legitimate outlet to varieties of human talent and temperament

seems to me self-evident. The gifts of men are diverse, so much may be conceded; "the whole body is only fitly joined together and compacted by that which every joint supplieth, according to the effectual working in the measure of every part." And the parts remain parts, failing of their purpose unless linked to serve the common purpose of the body.

"The quickening principle of a State," says a recent writer, "is a sense of devotion, an adequate recognition somewhere in the minds of its subjects that their own interests are subordinate to those of the whole State. The bond which will unite them and constitute them collectively as a State or a Commonwealth is, to use the words of Lincoln, in the nature of a dedication. Its validity is . . . at root not contractual, but sacramental. Its foundation is not self-interest, but rather common sense of obligation, however conceived, which is strong enough to master self-interest."

"What is a man that he should not run with his brother?" said Mowgli. "I was born in the Jungle. I have obeyed the Law of the Jungle, and there is no wolf of ours from whose paw I have not pulled a thorn. Surely they are my

brothers ! What is a man that he would not run with his brothers?"

There is something fatally wrong with an education that does not train the young to citizenship in a Commonwealth, the right government of which depends on the degree of corporate responsibility to which each individual citizen is capable of rising. The end of education is not the salvation of the individual, but the welfare of the State. "I am among you," said the Founder of the Kingdom, "as He that serveth." And there was also a strife among them, which of them should be accounted the greatest. And He said unto them: "The kings of the Gentiles exercise lordship over them; and they that exercise authority upon them shall be called benefactors. But ye shall not be so: but he that is greatest among you, let him be as the younger; and he that is Chief as he that doth serve."

Secondly, no education is sound which ignores the supreme obligation to develop a child's power of thought, its *intellectual* faculties. And it is in this respect, so say our

enemies and critics, that we, as a nation, err most grievously. Thou shalt serve the Lord thy God with all thy *mind* as well as with thy heart and soul, but as a nation we shirk thinking, and cover the multitude of our intellectual failures to do those things which we ought to do with platitudes about the formation of character. I may refer you to Sir Arthur Evans' Presidential Address at this year's meeting of the British Association for all that can be said on this subject. This attitude of mind is at bottom the result of sloth, that most ignoble of deadly sins. For thinking is perhaps the hardest task in the world. Yet to teach our pupils to think is probably the greatest service we can ever render them. And we shall never achieve doing them that service unless we train their intellectual faculties by means of the routine of daily lessons, faithfully learnt and as faithfully exacted. To a boy or girl at school the conscientious learning of lessons ought to be no less than a religious duty, and upon the teacher rests the burden of insistence upon honest work. I will quote advice given

once by a great scholar to a would-be school-master : "Try to make your boys like to learn—make learning pleasant to them, so that they may become lovers of knowledge."

There is no doubt that English schools don't set half enough value on the love of knowledge.

"The power of the love of truth regarded only as an instrument of enlarging and deepening the faculties has never been sufficiently regarded either in ancient or modern education . . . and the love of knowledge which every boy has naturally, though his teachers often crush it out of him, is the love of truth. A boy's character even is not the best possible unless he likes to learn."

And, thirdly, no education is worthy of the name unless it handle its human material with the reverence due to the potentially divine. "Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones; for I say unto you that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of My Father, which is in heaven." The greatest despite that you can do a child is to try to build up its education on a non-spiritual basis,

with a regard to material efficiency and reward rather than to aspiration after the ideal. But man does not live by bread alone, neither can you satisfy the hunger of a child with the bread of this world's honour and success. A book recently published, under the title of *The Ultimate Belief*, may perhaps help us to realise more fully than we have done in the past the necessity for a spiritual treatment of the problem of education. The author asserts :

“ There is a truth about the nature of man which can be taught to all, and should be known by all. It makes education intelligible because it makes life intelligible, and it is welcomed by every unperverted mind because it answers to the desires of what we call the spirit. . . . The spirit desires three things and desires them for their own sake, and not for any further aim beyond them. It desires to do right for the sake of doing what is right ; to know the truth for the sake of knowing the truth ; and it has a desire for beauty. So the spirit has three activities, and three alone : the moral, the intellectual, and the æsthetic. And man lives that he may exercise these three activities of the spirit and for no other reason.”

What is needed is not merely a *moral* education, which by itself fails to satisfy the young, but an education of the spirit of all these spiritual activities. Spiritual education is an education in moral, intellectual, and æsthetic disinterestedness. It must insist upon the fact that the aim of life is to exercise each of these faculties for its own sake, and that a man who does not so exercise them is not living at all. Education ought to teach us to be in love always, and what to be in love with. The great things of history have been done by great lovers, by the saints and men of science and artists, and the problem of civilisation is to give every man a chance of being a saint, a man of science, or an artist. But the problem cannot be solved unless men *desire* to be saints, men of science, and artists. And if they are to desire that continuously and consciously, they must be taught what it means to be these things. We are all concerned with each other's spiritual activities, and we should know that work without beauty means unsatisfied spiritual desire in the worker, and that it is waste of life and a

common evil and danger, like thought without truth, or action without righteousness.

“This one thing I do,” said the Apostle. I want you and each of us to be able to say with equal conviction: “This one thing I do.” It is *education* you and I are rightly and pre-eminently concerned with here. Then let us see to it that forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth to those things which are before us, like the Apostle, we, too, may attain the prize of our high calling. For when he desired to attain to the manner of the stature of the fulness of Christ, what else did he desire but to attain to the ideal of all education?

XI

VISION

“Where there is no vision, the people perish.”—
PROV. xxix. 18.

WE have come to the closing Sunday of our school year, and for many of you to the closing Sunday of your school life. And it has become almost a tradition perhaps; at any rate, it has become a great desire with me that on this Sunday I might find something to say to you which you should be able to carry away with you, and which might help to start you at least on the new stage of life on which you are about to enter. And on thinking over what suggestions I could make to you, or what message I could give to you that might be useful, or perhaps even inspiring, it came to me that I might urge you to cultivate the power and the habit of seeing visions. In our matter-of-fact, perhaps unduly well-balanced, English ways and habits of life, we have not left room, at least not much, for the imagination.

To be a dreamer is to stand condemned.

“A primrose by the river’s brim,
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more,”

is a not inapt summary of our national character. Yet the great things of life, the things that matter eternally, are to be seen only by the eyes of the soul, and it is in visions that men have perceived the meaning of life, the types of goodness, beauty, and truth which have become the lodestars of their course on earth; that they have grasped the character and nature of their vocation, that they have seen the Holy Grail to the quest of which they have been impelled, and where there is no vision the people perish.

“I saw the Lord sitting upon a throne high and lifted up,” said the prophet. And the awful splendour of the vision revealed to him his uncleanness and unworthiness indeed, but also the conviction of his capacity to undertake a mission of overwhelming responsibility. The outpouring of the spirit of the Lord upon His people is to be followed, according to the

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prophet Joel, by the old men's power to dream dreams, and the young men's power to see visions.

Plato assumes that it is in proportion to her perception of the vision of truth that the soul of man is destined for one lot on earth or another. The degree of a soul's power of vision is the measure of her capacity for service.

“There is a Law of Destiny that the soul which attains any vision of truth is preserved from harm . . . and if attaining is always unharmed. . . . But when she fails to behold the vision of truth . . . and her feathers fall from her and she drops to earth, then the law ordains that this soul shall at her first birth pass into man; and the soul which has seen most of truth shall come to the birth as a philosopher, or artist; that which has seen truth in the second degree shall be a righteous being, or lordly warrior; the soul which is of the third class shall be a politician, or economist, or trader, and so on, until the ninth class, which holds the souls of tyrants whose vision of truth is the dimmest of all.”

“Methinks I see,” says Milton, “a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong

man after sleep and shaking her invincible locks. Methinks I see her as an Eagle sunning her mighty youth and kindling her undazzled eye at the full midday beam, purging and scaling her long abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance."

"I saw Eternity the other night,
Like a great ring of pure and endless light
All calm as it was bright :
And round beneath it ; Time, in hours, days, years,
Driven by the spheres,
Like a vast shadow moved ; in which the world
And all her train were hurled."

The Tinker of Bedford saw in a dream the Pilgrim's Progress from this world to the next, Dante saw the gateway of Hell, and that realm wherein man's spirit frees itself from stain, and the high Courts of Heaven where dwelt Beatrice.

" ' Tell me what drove thee from the Table
Round, my brother,
Was it earthly passion cros't ?'
' Nay,' said the knight, ' for no such passion mine
But the sweet vision of the Holy Grail
Drove me from all vainglorious rivalries,
And earthly heats that spring and sparkle out . . .
And waste the spiritual strength within us.' "

As I see you sitting here before me for the last time as girls in this school, I ask myself and you whether among the gifts which we may have tried to cultivate here in you, we dare include that priceless gift of power to see visions? And if so, of what kind is the vision that you contemplate?

Do you see before you in any tangible shape the vision of the life that you would like to lead, the image of the person that you would like to be? What is the Grail that you are out to seek, who the King that you have sworn to follow? As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he; our own hearts fashion, said an old-fashioned saint, the Christ we worship. Our ideal is but our potential self. Your visions are in ethereal shape the possibilities of your lives.

It may be that we have taught you here to heed chiefly the things that make for practical success in life: industry, thrift, self-control, initiative; it may be that we have taught you to prize the orderly conduct of affairs, the ability to call a spade a spade, the efficiency of knowledge wisely applied to useful ends,

and, if so, we have taught you things that will stand you in good stead, and make you up to a certain point useful citizens and respected members of society. But if we have not opened your eyes to see more in life than an opportunity for the display of bourgeois virtue, we have done comparatively little for you. If we have not helped you to realise the trailing clouds of glory brought with you from Heaven, which is our home, if we have not shown to you the things of sense under the aspect of things eternal, you will one day blame us for your blindness. If we have not helped you to

“ See the world in a grain of sand
And heaven in a wild flower,
Hold infinity in the palm of your hand
And eternity in an hour,”

what have we done for you that is worth doing?

What if you have asked of us the way to “the Land of Luthany and the tract of Elenore,” and we have not known the answer :

“ Learn to dream when thou dost wake,
Learn to wake when thou dost sleep,
Learn to water joy with tears,
Learn from fear to vanquish fear.
To hope, for thou dar’st not despair.

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Exult, for that thou dar'st not grieve,
Plough thou the rock until it bear.
Know, for thou else couldst not believe;
Lose, that the lost thou may'st receive;
Die, for none other way canst live.
When earth and heaven lay down their veil,
And that apocalypse turn thee pale.
When thy seeing blindeth thee
To what thy fellow mortals see;
When their sight to thee is sightless;
Their living, death; their light, most lightless,
Search no more——
Pass the gates of Luthany, tread the region
Elenore."

You are keen, most of you, that are going away from us, to take up some definite career that shall be of service to your fellows, realising at least this much, that the world has no longer room for idle women. But even well-timed and expert activities for the supposed benefit of others will become like the donkey's dreary round in the treadmill unless you can see through and beyond the common task and catch a glimpse of the ideal towards which you are striving. There was once a famous master of Westminster School who was wont to doff his cap to his scholars because he said that he saw

in them the future parsons and magistrates and leaders of the people. He saluted, not his pupils as they were, but as he saw them in his vision. If you are going to be teachers, bear that story in mind. It will require a divine power of vision if you are to see in the tiresome, idle, and sometimes stupid child a promise of a fine and useful and enlightened woman. You aspire to be a doctor or a nurse. Believe me it will require a divine power of vision if you are to see in your patient not merely a fretful selfish invalid whose life hardly seems worth saving, but a neighbour to be rescued from suffering or despair, a member of society for whom Christ came to serve and to suffer. You aspire to be an artist and to express the divine in wood and stone, in colour or in line, in verse or prose. Not out of every block can you hew an Apollo, said the ancients, but unless you see the potentially divine in the stuff you handle, you can be no creative artist. It is the task you plan in hours of insight that you can accomplish in hours of gloom. The seer saw as in a vision the holy city, the New

Jerusalem, descending out of heaven, and only those who have thus seen her will help to build "Jerusalem in England's green and pleasant land." Drake pored

"By a struggling rushlight o'er a well-thumbed chart
Of magic islands in the enchanted seas,
Dreaming as boys and poets only dream
With those that see God's wonders in the deep.
 . . . dreams after dreams went by,
Colouring the brown air of that London night
With many a sad miraculous romance.
And he again
To set forth his great dreams, and high romance
Rose like a moon reflecting the true sun
Unseen; and as the full round moon indeed
Rising behind a mighty mountain-chain
Will shadow forth in outline grim and black
Its vast and ragged edge, so that moon
Of high romance rose, greatly shadowing forth
The grandeur of his dreams, until their might
Dawned upon Walsingham, and he too, saw
For a moment of muffled moonlight and wild cloud
The vision of the imperious years to be."

And it was that vision that laid the foundation of the British Empire. If you would be an empire-builder, you, too, must learn to see visions.

It was after Paul had seen the vision on the

road to Damascus that he became the apostle to the Gentiles. It was after Peter had seen the vision of the chest that he became the corner-stone of the Catholic Church. It was in a dream that the ploughman saw the field full of folk.

The power of vision was granted to the blind men sitting by the wayside as Jesus passed by. "What will ye that I shall do unto you?" He asked, and they replied, "Lord, that we may receive our sight." What ails *us* that we do not proffer the same prayer? Why do *we* not pray incessantly: "Enable with perpetual light the dulness of our blinded sight." Why, but that we fail to realise the necessity for illumination; why, but because we seem to have lost the faculty for vision. "Lighten our darkness," we pray, to be sure, when evening fails, but with how much perception that it is spiritual darkness that obscures our day? Yet the vision is there could we but see it:

"The angels keep their ancient places.
Turn but a stone and start a wing!
'Tis ye, 'tis your estranged faces
That miss the many-splendoured thing.

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But (when so sad thou canst no sadder)
Cry;—and upon thy so sore loss
Shall shine the traffic of Jacob's ladder
Pitched betwixt Heaven and Charing Cross.

Yea, in the night, my Soul, my daughter
Cry—clinging Heaven by the hems;
And lo, Christ walking on the water,
Not of Gennesareth, but Thames !''

XII

TRUE VALUES

“And Jesus answered and said unto her, Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things : but one thing is needful : and Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her.”—LUKE x. 41, 42.

THERE is always at any rate one day in the year when I long for some “winged word.” That is the day when, year after year, so many of you sit before me for the last time at School Service, and I remember that it is my last opportunity of speaking to you as your Head Mistress about the things that really matter in life. To have such occasions as these is a great privilege; it is also a great responsibility, and I doubt that any Head Mistress ever faces such occasions without much heart-searching, conscious of having let slip many a golden opportunity in the past, of having often failed to say the right word of kindly advice and good will, and of having often failed to hit the tone which

would carry conviction, of having failed to inspire, because she herself lacked inspiration. Yet even a Head Mistress can but go on trying, can but go on hoping that now and again some one of you may go out into life the better, the stronger, the wiser, the more devoted for some word spoken at School Service.

And it has come to me to-day that what I would like to bring home to you, if I could, is the urgent need, as you enter into life, for learning to estimate things at their true value. I should like to hope that you were going away from school capable of saying to yourselves, and acting accordingly: "There are some things that matter in life more than others, there are some things that matter a great deal, and others that matter very little, some things that matter supremely, and some that matter not at all, that are indifferent." And I want to impress this upon you so particularly because the sort of life we all of us lead depends entirely upon the value we attach to certain sorts of things.

In the passage which I have read to you we

have two sisters contrasted one with the other. The one was cumbered with much serving; she was an extremely busy and hospitable woman, anxious to do honour to her guest, but so restless and fussy in her attention to what she thought her duty, that she became extremely annoyed with anyone who failed to be equally officious, and especially with her sister. So she complained of her sister to our Lord. The sister meanwhile was apparently idle. She was doing nothing but sit at the feet of an honoured guest in order to listen the better to his conversation. Yet she is represented as having chosen the good part, as having done the one thing needful. The way of Martha and the way of Mary have become almost proverbial, and our Lord specially commends the way of Mary as being the right way. Not that Martha had done anything wrong. She had, as a matter of fact, been engaged in very useful, hospitable, and kindly pursuits. But, unfortunately, she had allowed these pursuits, good in themselves, to crowd out things more desirable still. She had valued the bustling activities of

her everyday life above an hour's contemplation at the feet of her Lord. Her standard of values was a false one.

Throughout the Gospel narrative we come upon passages and incidents which prove how greatly our Lord was concerned with the necessity for our forming a correct opinion of the relative importance and value of things. "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Our Lord does not deny the value of the world. He only says that it is, comparatively speaking, of less value than a man's soul. The whole story of the Temptation of our Lord is an illustration, in ascending scale, of His conception of the relative value of things. The due observation of the Sabbath, in itself a good thing, must yield place to the performance of deeds of mercy and necessity. The woes pronounced by Him against the Scribes and Pharisees were evoked by the false value placed by these very respectable and religious men on certain social customs and religious observances. They valued the external cleanliness of the cup and

platter above their inward purity. They built and garnished the tombs of the prophets and sepulchres of the righteous, distinguishing themselves by meticulous homage to the great departed, yet their own fathers had compassed the death of these same prophets and righteous men. The repentance of one sinner is represented as a matter of greater moment than the righteousness of ninety and nine persons who do not stand in need of repentance. Our Lord asserts that "whosoever shall save his life shall lose it"—*i.e.*, that the man who attaches undue importance to his own life as a thing of intrinsic value to be hoarded, not spent, shall lose it; he, on the other hand, who is willing to treat his own life as valuable only in so far as it is spent, shall save or preserve it—*i.e.*, enter into a fuller and richer life with increased opportunities. A man's hands and feet and eyes are valuable members of the body, but it is better to enter life maimed or halt or blind than with sound limbs to be cast into hell-fire.

Most things, then, are relatively to something else, important, or unimportant. Some

things matter, and some things don't matter. Some things are worth striving for, and working for, and suffering for, and even dying for, and some things are not. What we want above all things is a standard by which to measure our lives, and the things that go to the making of our lives, a right judgment to enable us to separate the tares from the corn, the chaff from the wheat, the gold from the dross, a power of discrimination and discernment between the good and the bad, between the desirable and the undesirable, between the good and the false. Never, I imagine, can there have been greater need for a habit and spirit of discernment than there is nowadays, for an ability to weigh and measure relative values, and yet the old familiar standards, by which we may have measured in the past, are disappearing, and new standards are emerging out of the welter and ruin of the old.

You are, many of you, going out into a world in which men's ideas as to what is valuable, or not, are being upset. The things that men used to think of chief importance are slipping from

their grasp : human life seems to have become cheap, wealth seems to have taken unto itself wings, labour, and thrift, and anxiety, and care and sorrow have become the common lot of those who once loved their ease and did themselves well without, perhaps, a thought of to-morrow or of others. The question as to the relative claims of labour and capital, once the war is over, will perhaps prove more difficult of adjustment than the formulation of the terms of peace : our duty towards our neighbour, never an easy problem, will become more exacting than ever in the light of recent happenings ; class distinctions are being obliterated ; education must be remodelled. By what standards are we going to adjust the conflicting interests of these and other questions ; what measures are we going to apply to the new conditions in social and religious life which are even now developing ; with what scale are we going to weigh our obligations and our duties towards life, and with what scale our claims upon life ? Alas, how often we over-estimate the one and underrate the other.

We have almost begun to speak too glibly of the change the war has wrought in our mental outlook. We assume, I am afraid too readily, that things after the war will be better than they are now. In an essay entitled "An Experiment in Democracy," contained in a surely inspired book, *The Student in Arms*, there occurs this passage :

"When the war is over, and the men of the Citizen Army return to their homes and their civil occupations, will they, I wonder, remember the things that they have learnt? If so, there will be a new and better England for our children. One would like to prophesy great things. In those days great talkers and boasters shall be of no account, for men shall remember that in the hour of danger they were wanting. In those days there shall be no more petty strife between class and class, for all shall have learnt that they are one nation, and that they must seek the nation's good before their own. In those days men shall no longer pride themselves upon their riches, or on the material possessions which distinguish them from their brethren, for they shall have learnt that it is the qualities of the heart which are of real value. Men shall be prized for their

courage, their honesty, their charity, their practical ability. In those days there shall be no false pride, for all have lived hardly, all have done dirty and menial work, all have wielded pick and spade and have counted it no dishonour but rather glory to do so. In those days charity and brotherly love shall prevail mightily, for all shall have learned mutual understanding and respect. Would that it might be so! But perhaps it is more likely that the lessons will be forgotten, and that men will slip back into the old grooves. Much depends on the women of England. If they carefully guard the ancient ruts against our return, and if their gentle fingers press us back into them, we shall acquiesce; but if at this hour of crisis they, too, have seen a wider vision of national unity, and learnt a more catholic charity, the future is indeed radiant with hope."

You, the girls of to-day, will be the women of England to-morrow, and it is for that reason that I am asking you to set before yourselves in your grown-up life the serious and solemn duty of weighing the value of the things that confront you in life, and shaping your appreciation of them and your action accordingly.

What is it, after all, that really matters in life? Or, to put it negatively, what does not matter? Essentially, that is. Well, money does not matter, nor fine clothes, nor motor-cars, nor rank, nor keeping many servants, nor even winning matches, or University distinctions and prizes, nor much busy philanthropic activity. I am not denying that pleasure can be derived from such things, nor questioning their relative importance, nor their power to make material, and even intellectual and moral, life an easier process. Only, their power is limited. They have their uses, and I imagine that there are times in every life when the possession of such things seems a consummation devoutly to be wished. But when we are up against the great things of life and death, the importance of the little things dwindles, and the things of life are little, I take it, in proportion as they fail to satisfy us in the greater moments of our existence.

I press this point because there are so many things that seem to matter so tremendously while we are at school, and they do matter in a

measure—our place in form, our success in the field, our scholarships, our popularity, our House—and suddenly we find we have left school, and so many of these things have become relatively so insignificant. But, on the other hand, some things that we were hardly conscious of valuing at all while we were at school may suddenly assume a new importance: the discipline of common life, the interest in the things of the mind, the once almost despised habit of life of some companion or mistress, the religious aspect of so much that once appeared to be merely tedious routine and drudgery, the common prayers once so idly listened to, the sense of duty that had quite often been ignored in spite of its tiresome intrusion on more congenial moods—all these may one day acquire an unimagined importance. What if finally these had more to do with the shaping of our lives than all our fun and so-called good times?

The things that matter in life are God and the consciousness of God as a factor in our lives; the finding out the will of God and doing

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it; the things that St. Paul called true, and lovely, and of good report; the blessedness of giving, and the willingness to suffer and to die for honour and for friendship; forgetfulness of self and devotion to another; contempt for comfort, and honour for pain, the symbol of which is the Cross. Someone has written :

“Almost all men are slaves : they are mastered by foolish ambitions, vile appetites, jealousies, prejudices, the conventions and opinions of other men. These things obsess them, so that they cannot see anything in its right perspective. But this is liberty, to know that God alone matters.”

